WHEN YOU ARE OLD

当你老了

路过心上的诗句

世界上最美的100首情诗（国外篇）

叶芝 济慈 莎士比亚 泰戈尔 拜伦 雪莱 等经典作品
王秀莉 编译



北京日报报业集团
同心出版社

VISIT…

LANZAROTE Caliente.com

目　录 contents

我用什么才能留住你？
在我身上你或许会看见秋天
爱
不是死亡，是爱情
当你老了
我曾经爱过你
我悄悄走过
爱的哲学
忧郁颂
当一盏灯破碎时
雏菊
致——
秘密的爱恋
我并不属于你
我不会在意
一次失约
当我们分手时
爱情的坟墓
如果记住就是忘却
泪水，无端地流
我不爱你
离愁
歌

当白日已逝
失去的爱
新的爱，新的生活
记着我
石头上的影子
情人的哀诉
请不要看我的眼睛
单纯如歌的爱
我愿意是急流……
无情的妖女
灿亮的星
世界上最遥远的距离
如果你在秋天到来
你像一朵花儿
请允许我成为你的夏季
我该怎样来爱你
仙女对牧羊人的回答
我喜欢你的沉静
他希冀天国的锦缎
回声
暴风雨夜，暴风雨夜！
别再问我
夜会
致奥罗娜
如果你一心爱我
印度小夜曲

寂静的中午
成熟的樱桃
初恋
情人谷
诗神之子
第一次吻我
牧羊人恋歌
她的外貌并不令人陶醉
蝴蝶
她走在美的光影里
我的爱人如此美丽
致凯恩
每当我害怕
致——
夜莺颂
生日
灵魂选择自己的伴侣
自由与爱情
你占领了我的心房
真正的爱
爱之灯
孤独的旅人
爱在海上
最初的愿望小曲
在爱情里
找出失去的一天

水仙花
今后和现在
别离辞：节哀
《爱情小唱》第70首
爱情小唱
被弃的爱者
反对无价值的称赞
给西丽娅
梦亡妻
我的情人像冰
我看过你哭
我们将不再游荡
雅典少女
一朵红红的玫瑰
约翰·安德森，我的爱人
致妙龄少女：莫误青春
别爱太久
乘着歌声的翅膀
我能否将你比作夏天
给娜塔莎
心声
比时光更坚强
舍下我，走吧！
我们的手伸过山岭
爱情高出一切尘世的考虑

W H E N Y O U A R E O L D

路 过 心 上 的 诗 句

世界上最美的100首情诗（国外篇）

当你老了

叶芝 济慈 莎士比亚 泰戈尔 拜伦 雪莱 等经典作品

王秀莉 编译



北京日报报业集团

同心出版社

当你老了

WHEN YOU ARE OLD

路过心上的诗句

叶芝　济慈　莎士比亚　泰戈尔　拜伦　雪莱　等经典作品　王秀莉　编译

世界上最美的**100**首情诗（国外篇）

北京日报报业集团
同心出版社

图书在版编目（CIP）数据

当你老了：路过心上的诗句 / 王秀莉编译．—北京：同心出版社，2011.12

ISBN 978-7-5477-0376-2

Ⅰ．①当…　Ⅱ．①王…　Ⅲ．①爱情诗—诗集—世界　Ⅳ．①I12

中国版本图书馆CIP数据核字（2011）第275596号

当你老了：路过心上的诗句

出　　版：同心出版社
地　　址：北京市东城区东单三条8-16号　东方广场东配楼四层
邮　　编：100005
发　　行：同心出版社（010）65255876
　　　　　北京时代华语图书股份有限公司（010）83670231
总编室：（010）65252135-8043
网　　址：www.bjd.com.cn/txcbs/
印　　刷：北京海纳百川旭彩印务有限公司
经　　销：各地新华书店
版　　次：2012年3月第1版
　　　　　2012年3月第1次印刷
开　　本：700毫米×1000毫米　1/32
印　　张：8.5
字　　数：200千字
定　　价：26.80元

同心版图书，版权所有，侵权必究，未经许可，不得转载

W H E N Y O U A R E O L D

我愿把我的梦铺展在你的足下，
轻点啊，
因为你踩着的是，
我的梦。

我用什么才能留住你？

［阿］豪尔赫·路易斯·博尔赫斯

我给你贫穷的街道、绝望的日落、荒郊的月亮。
我给你一个久久地望着孤月的人的悲哀。
我给你我已死去的先辈，人们用大理石祭奠他们的幽灵，在布宜诺斯艾利斯边境阵亡的我父亲的父亲，两颗子弹射穿了他的胸膛，死的时候蓄着胡子，士兵们用牛皮裹起他的尸体；我母亲的祖父——时年二十四岁——在秘鲁率领三百名士兵冲锋，如今都成了消失的马背上的幽灵。
我给你我写的书中所能包含的力量，我生活中所能有的男子气概或幽默。
我给你一个从未有过信仰的人的忠诚。
我给你我设法保全的我自己的核心——不营字造句，不和梦想交易，不被时间、欢乐和逆境触动的核心。
我给你早在你出生前多年的一个傍晚看到的一朵黄玫瑰的记忆。
我给你你对自己的理解，关于你自己的理论，你自己真实而惊人的消息。
我给你我的孤寂、我的黑暗、我心的饥渴；我试图用困惑、危险、失败来打动你。



What Can I Hold You With?

Jorges Luis Borges

I offer you lean streets, desperate sunsets, the moon of the jagged suburbs.
I offer you the bitterness of a man who has looked long and long at the lonely moon.
I offer you my ancestors, my dead men, the ghosts that living men have honoured in marble: my father's father killed in the frontier of Buenos Aires, two bullets through his lungs, bearded and dead, wrapped by his soldiers in the hide of a cow; my mother's grandfather—just twentyfour—heading a charge of three hundred men in Perú, now ghosts on vanished horses.
I offer you whatever insight my books may hold. whatever manliness or humour my life.
I offer you the loyalty of a man who has never been loyal.
I offer you that kernel of myself that I have saved, somehow— the central heart that deals not in words, traffics not with dreams, and is untouched by time, by joy, by adversities.
I offer you the memory of a yellow rose seen at sunset, years before you were born.
I offer you explanations of yourself, theories about yourself, authentic and surprising news of yourself.
I can give you my loneliness, my darkness, the hunger of my heart;
I am trying to bribe you with uncertainty, with danger, with defeat.

在我身上你或许会看见秋天

［英］威廉·莎士比亚

在我身上你或许会看见秋天，
当黄叶，或尽脱，或只三三两两
挂在瑟缩的枯枝上索索抖颤——
荒废的歌坛，那里百鸟曾合唱。
在我身上你或许会看见暮霭，
它在日落后向西方徐徐消退：
黑夜，死的化身，渐渐把它赶开，
严静的安息笼住纷纭的万类。
在我身上你或许会看见余烬，
它在青春的寒灰里奄奄一息，
在惨淡灵床上早晚总要断魂，
给那滋养过它的烈焰所销毁。
看见了这些，你的爱就会加强，
因为他转瞬要辞你溘然长往。

That Time of Year Thou Mayst In Me Behold

William Shakespeare

That time of year thou mayst in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.
In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west;
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals all up in rest.
In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie,
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by.
This thou perceivest, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

爱

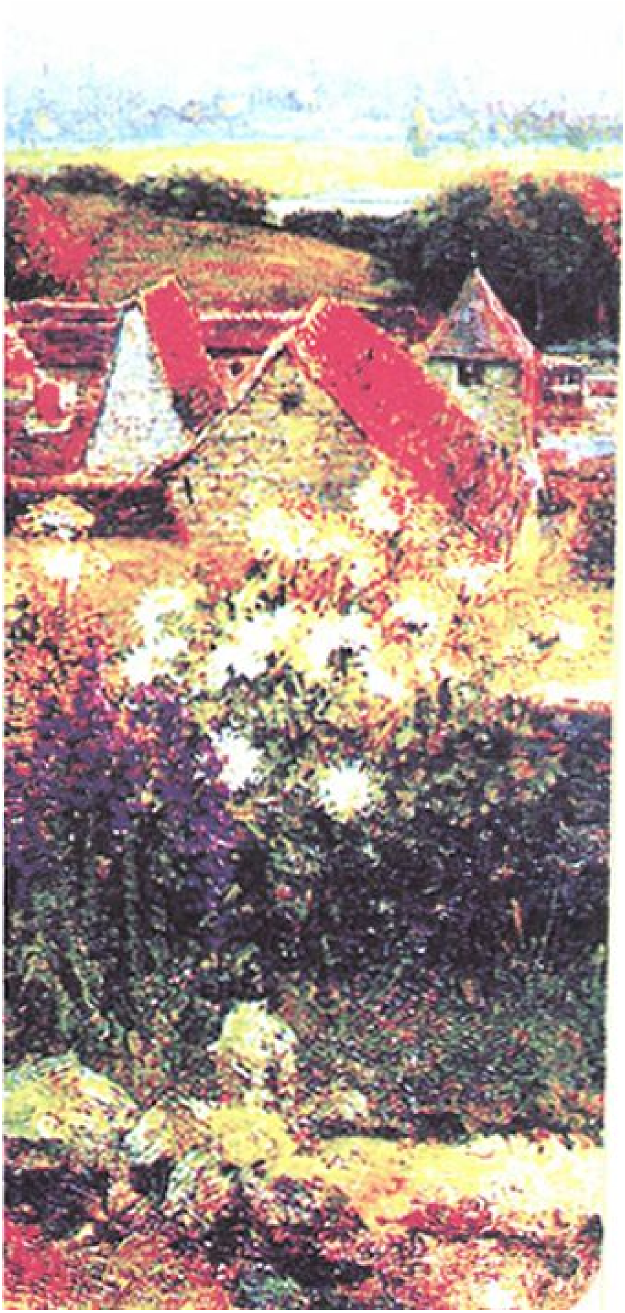
［英］罗伊·克里夫特

我爱你，
不仅仅是因为你是谁，
还因为与你同在时我所是的人。

我爱你，
不仅仅因为你如何塑造自己，
还因为你如何塑造我。

我爱你，
因为你能激发
我的内在。

我爱你，
因为你的手能抚慰我荒凉的心房，
对我的傻气，我的脆弱，
你都给予无尽的包容。
而我心里最美丽的所在，
其他人从来都没有费心
去我心深处挖掘，
却能被你昭然照亮。



我爱你，

因为你帮助去塑造我的人生，
我因而没有成为低俗的客栈，
而成为了一座圣洁的殿堂；
对于我日常的工作，
你没有丝毫责备，
而是唱着无尽的赞歌。

我爱你，
因为你为我所做的
远胜于其他任何力量，
你令我变得更好，
远胜于任何命运的奇迹所为，
你令我更加幸福，
无需身体的接触，
无需言辞的说明，
无需任何的暗示，
你就会去为了我而行，
也许这才是爱的终极真谛。



Love

Roy Croft

I love you
Not only for what you are,
But for what I am
When I am with you.

I love you
Not only for what
You have made of yourself,
But for what
You are making of me.

I love you
For the part of me
That you bring out.

I love you
For putting your hand
Into my heaped-up heart
And passing over
All the foolish, weak things
That you can't help
Dimly seeing there,
And for drawing out
Into the light
All the beautiful belongings
That no one else had looked
Quite far enough to find.

I love you because you
Are helping me to make
Of the lumber of my life
Not a tavern
But a temple;
Out of the works
Of my every day

Not a reproach
But a song.

I love you
Because you have done
More than any creed
Could have done
To make me good,
And more than any fate
Could have done
To make me happy.
You have done it
Without a touch,
Without a word,
Without a sign.
You have done it
By being yourself.
Perhaps that is what
Being a friend means,
After all.



不是死亡，是爱情

［英］伊丽莎白·巴莱特·勃朗宁

我记得当年希腊的诗人曾经咏唱：
甜美的岁月，宝贵而充满期盼的时光；
每一首诗篇都如同一份礼物，
馈赠给所有凡人，无论老少。
当我执迷于他古老的词句，
透过朦胧的泪眼，我看到
甜蜜与伤心的岁月，忧郁与绝望的时光
充斥着我过往的生命，倏忽化作
一片阴影将我笼罩。我感到
泪流满面。神秘的暗影在我身后
拉着我的头发步步后退。
我挣扎，一个威严的声音问道：
“猜猜是谁抓住了你？”“死亡。”我回答。
但是一个银铃般的声音响起：“不是死亡，是爱情！”



Not Death, But Love

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young:
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair;
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove, —
"Guess now who holds thee?" — "Death." I said.
But there, The silver answer rang, — "Not Death, but love."

当你老了

［英］威廉·巴特勒·叶芝

当你老了，头发花白，睡意沉沉，
坐在炉边，疲倦而安然，取下这本书，
慢慢读起，追忆那当年温柔的眼神，
神色柔和，倒影深深。
多少人曾爱慕你青春妩媚的身影，
爱慕你美丽的容颜，出自假意或者真情，
而唯独一人爱你那朝圣者的心，
爱你日渐衰老的满面沧桑。
你弯下了腰，在炽热的炉边，
喃喃低语，浅浅忧伤中慨叹：
爱情如何逝去，
向山峦之巅独行，
将他的面容隐没在繁星之间。

When You Are Old

William Butler Yeats

When you are old and grey and full of sleep,
And nodding by the fire, take down this book
And slowly read, and dream of the soft look
Your eyes had once, and of their shadows deep.

How many loved your moments of glad grace,
And loved your beauty with love false or true,
But one man loved the pilgrim soul in you,
And loved the sorrows of your changing face.

And bending down beside the glowing bars,
Murmur, a little sadly, how Love fled
And paced upon the mountains overhead
And hid his face amid a crowd of stars.

我曾经爱过你

［俄］亚历山大·谢尔盖耶维奇·普希金

我曾经爱过你
爱情，也许
还未在我心中消逝，
但愿它不会再干扰你，
我也不想再令你难过悲伤。

我曾经默默无语地
毫无指望地爱过你，
我既忍受着羞怯，
又忍受着嫉妒的折磨，
我曾经那样真诚，
那样温柔地爱过你，
但愿上帝保佑你，
另一个人也会像我一样爱你。

I Loved You

Alexander Sergeyevich Pushkin

I loved you and perhaps I love you still,
The flame, perhaps, is not extinguished; Yet
It burns so quietly within my soul,
No longer should you feel distressed by it.
Silently and hopelessly I loved you,
At times too jealous and at times too shy.
God grant you find another who will love you
As tenderly and truthfully as I.



我悄悄走过

[英]约翰·克莱尔

我向鸟儿倾诉，它们正为明天高歌，
百灵与麻雀在谷堆上嬉戏，
花鸡与红雀在灌木林中啼鸣，
直到那轻柔的和风要求我安静；
于是，我静静离去，幻想着
去偷吻我不愿道出姓名的姑娘；
但倘若遇见她，我多年珍爱的姑娘，
我会悄悄走过，带着依恋与泪水。

是的，我会悄悄走过，一言不发，
连脚步声也几不可闻；
我不敢偷瞄她一眼，
而后，我只会叹息，持续一周。
当我欣赏野花，我会看到她的面庞，
在娇美的花里，她的脸闪着光芒；
假如她经过，我会一言不发，
我们彼此沉默着走各自的路。



我向鸟儿、微风和细雨诉说，
我从未向心爱的人倾诉；
我向那漫山遍野的野花吐露衷肠，
仿佛一朵是她，一朵是她的孩子；
我幻想着，将那美好的表白吐露，
但若她真的到来，我会沉默不语；

如果足够勇敢，我会将她亲吻，
而当我向她走近，一切都前功尽弃。

I Pass by in Silence

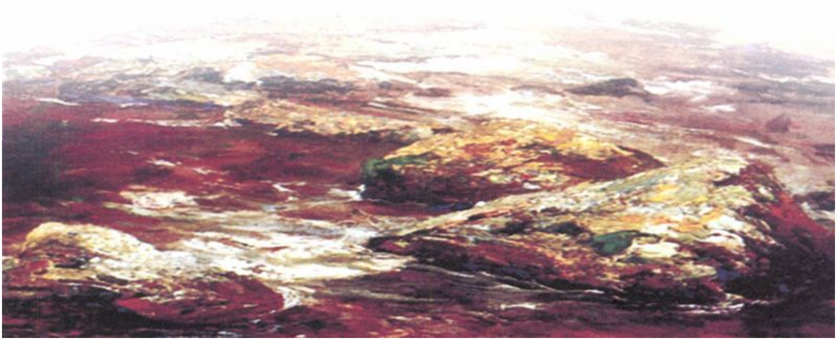
John Clare

I talk to the birds as they sing for tomorrow,
The larks and the sparrows that spring from the corn,
The chaffinch and linnet that sing in the bush,
Till the zephyr-like breezes all bid me to hush;
Then silent I go and in fancy I steal,
A kiss from the lips of a name I conceal;
But should I meet her I've cherished for years,
I pass by in silence, in fondness and tears.

Yes, I pass her in silence and say not a word,
And the noise of my footsteps may scarcely be heard;
I scarcely presume to cast on her my eye,
And then for a week I do nothing but sigh.
If I look on a wild flower I see her face there,
There it is in its beauty, all radiant and fair;
And should she pass by, I've nothing to say,
We are both of silent and have our own way.
I talk to the birds, the wind and the rain,
My love to my dear one I never explain;

I talk to the flowers which are growing all wild,
As if one was herself and the other her child;
I utter sweet words in my fanciful way,
But if she comes by I've nothing to say;
To look for a kiss I would if I dare,
But I feel myself lost when near to my fair.





爱的哲学

［英］珀西·比希·雪莱

泉水汇入江河，
江河汇入海洋。
天空里风与风互相融合，
满怀甜蜜的深情。
世间万物皆不孤单，
这是自古的法则。
世界上一切皆彼此融合，
为什么我和你却否？

看山峰亲吻遥远的天空，
波浪和波浪相抱相拥，
没有一朵姐妹花会被原谅，
如果竟轻视她的弟兄。
灿烂的阳光抚抱大地，
温柔的月华轻吻海洋，
如果你不肯吻我，
这一切拥吻又有何价值？



Love's Philosophy

Percy Bysshe Shelley

The fountains mingle with the river,
And the rivers with the ocean.
The winds of heaven mix for ever,
With a sweet emotion.
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle
Why not I with thine?

See the mountains kiss high heaven,
And the waves clasp one another,
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdained its brother.
And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea,
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me?



忧郁颂

［英］约翰·济慈

哦，不，不要去那忘川，也不要榨挤附子草，
深扎土中的根茎，去换取那一杯毒酒。
也不要让地狱女王红玉色的葡萄——
龙葵的一吻印上你苍白的额头。
不要用水松果壳串成你的念珠，
也别让那甲虫和垂死的飞蛾充当灵魂的化身，
也别让阴险的夜枭陪伴，
等待悲哀的秘密透露。
因为阴影叠加只会更加黑暗，
苦闷的灵魂永无清宁的一天。

当忧郁的情绪骤然袭来，
仿佛空中悲泣的云团，
滋润着垂头丧气的小花。
四月的白雾笼罩着青山，
将你的哀愁滋养于晨间的玫瑰，
波光粼粼的海上虹霓，
或者是锦簇的牡丹花丛。
或者，倘若你的恋人对你心怀怨怼，
切莫当之争辩，只需执起她的柔手，
深深地，深深地啜饮她清纯的美眸。



她与美共居一处——美呀，有着必死的劫数，
还有欢乐，总是将手指放在唇间，
随时准备飞吻道别。
毗邻的还有含着痛楚的愉悦，只要蜜蜂来吮吸，
它就变成鸩酒。
哦，在快乐居住的殿堂里面，
隐匿的忧郁有一至尊的偶像，
只是唯有咀嚼过欢乐的酸果，
味觉敏感的人方能有缘得见。
灵魂一旦触及她悲伤的力量，
立即束手就擒，悬浮在白云纪碑上。



Ode on Melancholy

John Keats

NO, no! go not to Lethe, neither twist
Wolf's-bane, tight-rooted, for its poisonous wine.
Nor suffer thy pale forehead to be kist
By nightshade, ruby grape of Proserpine;
Make not your rosary of yew-berries,
Nor let the beetle, nor the death-moth be
Your mournful Psyche, nor the downy owl
A partner in your sorrow's mysteries;
For shade to shade will come too drowsily,
And drown the wakeful anguish of the soul.

But when the melancholy fit shall fall,
Sudden from heaven like a weeping cloud,
That fosters the droop-headed flowers all.
And hides the green hill in an April shroud,
Then glut thy sorrow on a morning rose,
Or on the rainbow of the salt sand-wave,
Or on the wealth of globèd peonies.
Or if thy mistress some rich anger shows,
Emprison her soft hand, and let her rave,
And feed deep, deep upon her peerless eyes.
She dwells with Beauty—Beauty that must die,
And Joy, whose hand is ever at his lips,
Bidding adieu.
And aching pleasure nigh,
Turning to poison while the bee-mouth sips.
Ay, in the very temple of delight,
Veil'd Melancholy has her sovran shrine,
Though seen of none save him whose strenuous tongue,
Can burst Joy's grape against his palate fine.
His soul shall taste the sadness of her might,
And be among her cloudy trophies hung.

当一盏灯破碎时

［英］珀西·比希·雪莱

当一盏灯破碎时，
它的光亮就泯于尘埃。
当天空的云散开，
彩虹也将消逝。
要是琵琶断了弦，
甜美的曲调便不再被记起。
如若一切都开口说出，
爱的韵味很快就被忘记。

有如乐音和明光
必和琵琶与灯盏并存，
假如灵魂喑哑，
心便投降不再歌唱。
没有歌，只是哀悼，
像吹过残破荒墟的风，
如哀号悲鸣的波涛，
为已死的水手敲丧钟。

两颗心一旦结合，
爱情就离开精致的巢，
而那较弱的一个，
必为它曾拥有的煎熬。
哦，爱情！你在哀吟
万物的无常，
为何还要找最弱的心灵
做你的摇篮、居室、灵柩？

它的热情会令你动摇，
有如风暴遇阻高飞的群鸦。
理智会将你嘲笑，
有如冬日天空的残阳。
你的巢穴的椽木将腐烂，

而当冷风吹到，叶落了，
你的鹰巢也会把你暴露给嗤笑。



When the Lamp is Shattered

Percy Bysshe Shelley

When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead.
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow's glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not.
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendor
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart's echoes render,
No song when the spirit is mute:
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman's knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest,
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possessed.
O Love! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier?

Its passions will rock thee,
As the storms rock the ravens on high.
Bright reason will mock thee,
Like the sun from a wintry sky.
From thy nest every rafter will rot,
And thine eagle home,
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.





雏菊

［法］阿尔弗莱·德·缪塞

我爱你，但什么也不说，
只看你在对面微笑。
我爱你，只有我自己知晓，
无需了解你对我的想法。
我珍惜我的秘密，
也珍惜隐隐的忧伤，
那未曾化作痛苦的忧伤。
我发誓：我爱着你，
虽不怀抱任何希望，但幸福并非虚妄。
只要能够见到你，我已心满意足。
这一切就已足够。



Daisy

Alfred de Musset

I love thee, nothing to say,
just smile facing thee.
I love thee, only I know,
no need to know what you feel about me.
I cherish my secret,
and the tiny depression,
the depression which has not turn to sorrow.
I have yet vowed, I am in love.
though with no hope.
But that doesn't mean there is no happiness at all.
It is enough to see you, I am satisfied.



致——

[英] 珀西·比希·雪莱

音乐声停止了，
但依然在记忆里回荡。
紫罗兰凋零了，
芬芳依然鲜活。

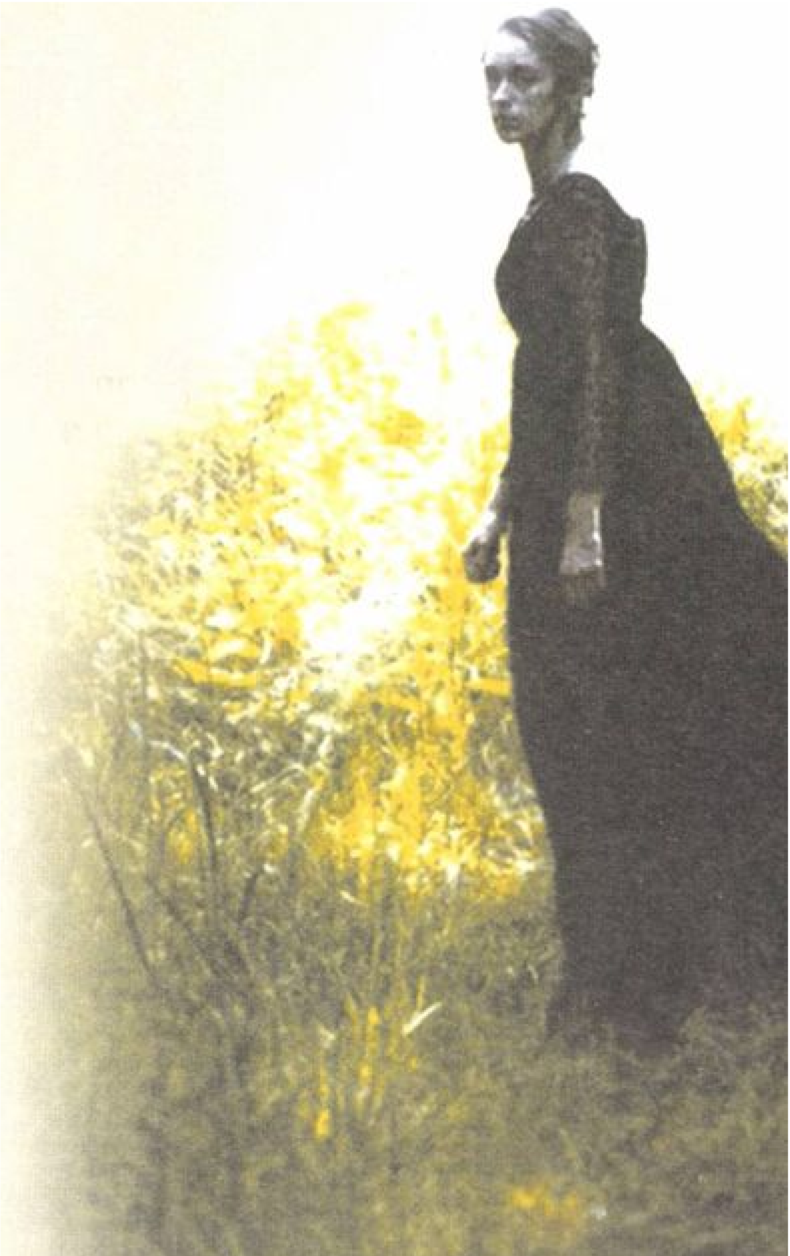
玫瑰花死去了，
花叶先落下为她铺成床。
正如，你走了，
爱情还睡在思念上。

To——

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory.
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed.
And so thy thoughts, when thou are gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.



秘密的爱恋

［英］约翰·克莱尔

年轻时，我将自己的爱隐藏，
那时我无法忍受飞虫的嘤嘤声。
我把爱隐藏起来，
直到我连光明也无法正视。
我不敢凝视她的脸庞，
只把有关她的回忆留在每个地方。
无论我在何处看到一朵野花，
便会留下我的吻，亲切告别。

我和她在幽谷最深处相遇，
露珠儿凝结在浆果上。
微风轻吻着她明亮的蓝色眼睛，
蜜蜂亲吻着，唱着歌儿离去，
一束阳光在那儿找到了路，
金色的链环围绕在她的颈部，那么美丽，
神秘如野蜂的歌唱，
她躺在那儿，一整个夏天。

我将爱情藏于原野和城镇，
一阵风儿都能把我吹倒，
蜜蜂都唱起了歌儿，
苍蝇的亲吻压住了狮子的怒吼，
甚至沉默都找到了语言，
萦绕我整个夏天。
大自然都无法解开的谜题，
无它，只是秘密的爱恋。



Secret Love

John Clare

I hid my love when young,
Till I couldn't bear the buzzing of a fly.
I hid my love to my despite,
Till I could not bear to look at light.
I dare not gaze upon her face,
But left her memory in each place.
Where'er I saw a wild flower lie
I kissed and bade my love good-bye.

I met her in the greenest dells,
Where dewdrops pearl the wood bluebells.
The lost breeze kissed her bright blue eye,
The bee kissed and went singing by,
A sunbeam found a passage there,
A gold chain round her neck so fair,
As secret as the wild bee's song,
She lay there all the summer long.

I hid my love in field and town,
Till even the breeze would knock me down;
The bees seemed singing ballads o'er,
The fly's bass turned a lion's roar,
And even silence found a tongue,
To haunt me all the summer long.
The riddle nature could not prove,
Was nothing else but secret love.



我并不属于你

［美］莎拉·迪斯德尔

我并不属于你，不会因你而迷失，
我未迷失，尽管我渴望如此。
迷失如正午中燃烧的烛光，
迷失似汪洋上飘飞的雪花。
你爱我，但我发现，
你的灵魂光明而美丽，
可我仍是我自己，尽管我渴望着迷失，
如同光线迷失在光明之中。
啊，让我深深地坠入爱河吧，磨灭
我的感官，让我失明失聪，
被你那暴风雨般的爱席卷，
如狂风中摇曳的丝带。



I Am Not Yours

Sara Teasdale

I am not yours, not lost in you,
Not lost, although I long to be
Lost as a candle lit at noon,
Lost as a snowflake in the sea.
You love me, and I find you still
A spirit beautiful and bright,
Yet I am I, who long to be
Lost as a light is lost in light.
Oh, plunge me deep in love—put out
My senses, leave me deaf and blind,
Swept by the tempest of your love,
A taper in a rushing wind.

我不会在意

［美］莎拉·迪斯德尔

当我死了，明媚的四月，
将在我身上抖开她被雨打湿的秀发，
即使你心碎地扑倒在我身上，
我也不会在意，
我将拥有宁静，宁静如枝繁叶茂的大树。
当雨水把树枝压弯压低，
我会比你现在
更加沉默，更加冷漠。



I Shall Not Care

Sara Teasdale

When I am dead and over me bright April
Shakes out her rain-drenched hair,
Though you should lean above me broken-hearted,
I shall not care.
I shall have peace, as leafy trees are peaceful.
When rain bends down the bough,
And I shall be more silent and cold-hearted
Than you are now.



一次失约

[英] 托马斯·哈代

你没有来，
而时光却匆匆逝去，使我发呆。
与其说惋惜无法拥有相见的甜蜜，
毋宁说我由此看出你的缺点，
缺乏那种高贵的怜悯——你无法勉强自己
出于纯粹的仁慈去成全他人。
当指盼的钟点敲过，你没有来，
我感到悲哀。

你并不爱我，
而只有爱情才能使你忠诚于我。
我明白，早就明白。
你为何不费一两小时
为名义外全然圣洁的人类行为
多行一善：
你，作为一个女人，
曾一度抚慰
一个为时光折磨的男人，
即便说
你并不爱我。



A Broken Appointment

Thomas Hardy

You did not come,
And marching time drew on, and wore me numb.
Yet less for loss of your dear presence there
Than that I thus found lacking in your make
That high compassion which can overbear
Reluctance for pure lovingkindness' sake.
Grieved I, when, as the hope-hour stroked its sum,
You did not come.

You love me not,
And love alone can lend you loyalty.
I know and knew it. But, unto the store
Of human deeds divine in all but name,
Was it not worth a little hour or more
To add yet this:
Once you, a woman, came
to soothe a time-torn man,
even though it be
You love me not.

当我们分手时

［英］乔治·戈登·拜伦

当我们分手时，
无言，啜泣。
心碎难言，
此去经年。
苍白与冰冷爬上你的脸庞，
而更冷的是你的吻。
正是那一刻
预言了我现在的悲伤！

那天的晨露
在我眉梢凝结，
仿佛在预先警告
今天该有此感受。
你违背了所有的诺言，
你的声誉也变得轻浮：
一听到人们提起你的名字，
我也会感到羞辱。





他们在我面前提到你，
如同丧钟在我耳边响起。
恐惧爬上我心——
那时我为何如此钟情于你？
他们并不知我与你相识，
了解你的点点滴滴。
我将深深地，深深地为你惋惜，
深至难以言喻。

那时，我们幽会密约，
如今我却黯然悲伤，
悲伤你的心竟然忘却，
你的灵魂竟然欺诳。
如果多年以后，
我们重逢，
我该如何向你问候——
是否该无言，啜泣？

When We Two Parted

George Gordon Byron

When we two parted
In silence and tears.
Half broken-hearted
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss.
Truly that hour foretold,
Sorrow to this!

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow,
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame:
I hear thy name spoken,
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mind ear.
A shudder comes o'er me —
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee,
Who knew thee too well.
Long, long shall I rue thee,
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met,
In silence I grieve,
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee —
With silence and tears?

爱情的坟墓

［英］托马斯·洛夫·皮科克

我在柏树荫下挖掘，
仿佛是掘一个小精灵的坟墓，
我将一切埋葬，
所有那些虚情假意的馈赠。

我把它们深深埋进土里，
再在墓旁竖起一块生苔的石碑，
又用枯萎的玫瑰编成花环，
将这爱情的坟墓环绕。

这些玫瑰与你的爱一样脆弱，
夕阳尚未西沉就已干枯死亡，
但时光流过，柏树树荫却不断生长，
蔓延，恰如我的离恨。

The Grave of Love

Thomas Love Peacock

I dug, beneath the cypress shade,
What well might seem an elfin's grave,
And every pledge in earth I laid,
That erst thy false affection gave.

I pressed them down the sod beneath,
I placed one mossy stone above,
And twined the rose's fading wreath
Around the sepulchre of love.

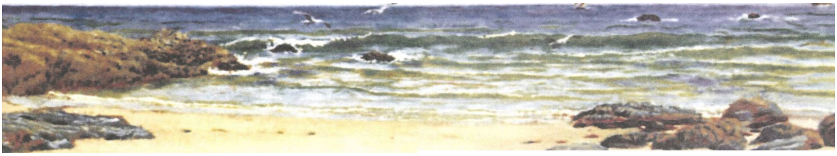
Frail as thy love, the flowers were dead
Ere yet the evening sun was set,
But years shall see the cypress spread,
Immutable as my regret.

如果记住就是忘却

［美］艾米莉·狄更生

如果记住就是忘却，
那我将不再回忆。
如果忘却就是回忆，
我多么接近忘却。

如果相思是欢乐，
而哀悼是喜悦，
那么，手指该是多么愉快，
因为今天它们收获了这些！



If Recollecting Were Forgetting

Emily Dickinson

If recollecting were forgetting,
Then I remember not.
And if forgetting, recollecting,
How near I had forgot.

And if to miss, were merry,
And to mourn, were gay,
How very blithe the fingers,
That gathered this, Today!



泪水，无端地流

[英] 阿尔弗莱德·丁尼生

泪水，无端地流，我不知道为何，
从某种神圣而绝望的深渊，
泪水涌上心头，汇于眼眸，
注视着那秋天欢乐的原野，
思索着那永远逝去的岁月。

像洒在船帆上的第一缕晨曦那般清新明亮，
将我们的亲朋从幽冥中带回，
像铺在船帆上最后一抹残阳那般忧郁悲伤，
带着我们所有的爱陷入不复。
如此悲伤，如此清新，那永远逝去的岁月。

啊，那么哀伤，那么陌生，如夏日里幽暗的黎明，
睡眼蒙眬的鸟儿，将最早的歌声
送入垂死的耳畔，窗格渐渐明亮，
将光芒送入垂死的眼睛。
那么哀伤，那么陌生，那永远逝去的岁月。

像死后记忆中的亲吻那般亲密，
如别人唇上无望的幻想那般甜蜜，
似爱一般深沉，
如初恋一般深沉，悔恨而癫狂。
我生命中的死亡啊，那永远逝去的岁月。



Tears, Idle Tears

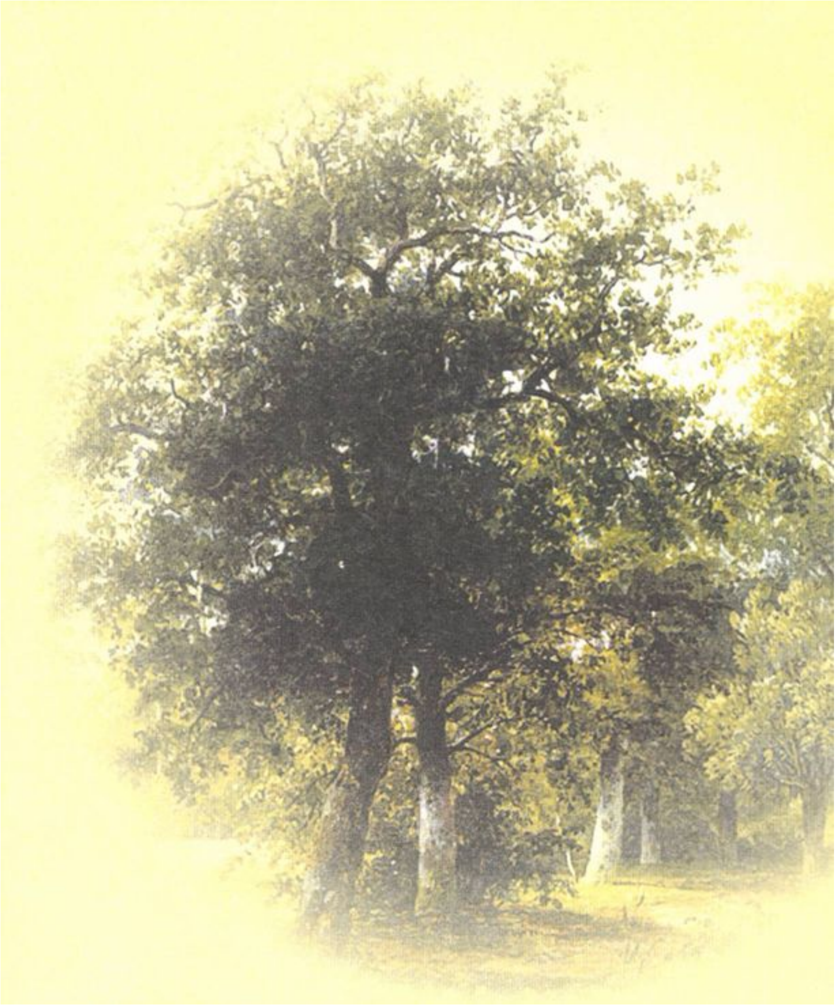
Alfred Tennyson

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one,
That sinks with all we love below the verge.
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns,
The earliest pipe of the half-awaken'd birds,
To dying ears, when unto dying eyes,
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square.
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remembered kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feigh'd
On lips that are for others, deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret.
O death in life, the days that are no more.



我不爱你

［英］卡罗琳·伊丽莎白·萨拉·诺顿

我不爱你！真的，我不爱你！
可你不在时我又悲伤不已。
我甚至对你头上的晴空心存嫉妒，
只因沉默的星星能愉快地把你凝望。

我不爱你！但我不懂为何
你的所作所为在我眼中无可挑剔。
我常常独自唉声叹气，
因为我爱之人无法与你相比。

我不爱你！然而离别后
你的声音如乐曲萦绕耳际，
我厌烦别的声音再来搅扰，
无论那些话语多么亲热甜蜜。

我不爱你！可你那会说话的眼睛
却频频进入我夜半的梦里，
明亮、深邃、湛蓝，含情脉脉，
其他人的眼睛从未入梦。

我知道我不爱你！只是，天啊，
我坦诚的心人人表示怀疑，
他们走过时常常一笑置之，
因为发觉我望你时两眼痴迷。



I do not love Thee

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton

I do not love thee!——no! I do not love thee!
And yet when thou art absent I am sad.
And envy even the bright blue sky above thee,
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee!——yet, I know not why,
Whate'er thou dost seems still well done, to me.
And often in my solitude I sigh
That those I do love are not more like thee!



I do not love thee!——yet, when thou art gone,
I hate the sound (though those who speak be dear)
Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone,
Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee!——yet thy speaking eyes,
With their deep, bright, and most expressive blue,
Between me and the midnight heaven arise,
Oftener than any eyes I ever knew.

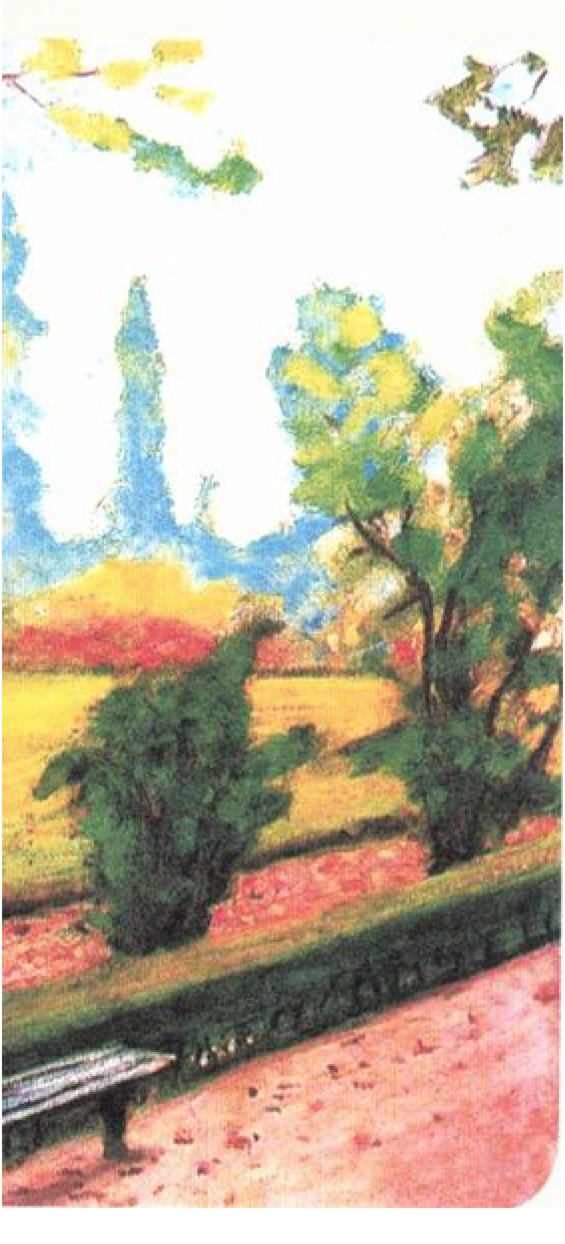
I know I do not love thee! yet, alas!
Others will scarcely trust my candid heart,
And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,
Because they see me gazing where thou art.

离愁

［印度］罗宾德拉纳德·泰戈尔

离别的伤痛蔓延肆意整个世界，
无边的天宇莫测变幻万千。
正是这离愁，夜夜默望着星辰，
并在七月雨夜的萧萧叶片间化作诗篇。

正是这弥漫的离恨，
深化为爱和欲，转为人间的苦乐。
正是它通过我诗人的心灵，
融化成曲，流淌而出。



Sorrow of Separation

Rabindranath Tagore

It is the pang of separation that spreads throughout
The world and gives birth to shapes innumetable
in the infinite sky.
It is this sorrow of separation that gazes
in silence all nights from star to star,
And becomes lyric among rustling leaves
in rainy darkness of July.

It is this overspreading pain that
deepens into loves and desires,
Into sufferings and joy in human homes.
And this it is that ever melts and
flows in songs through my poet's heart.

歌

［英］克里斯蒂娜·乔治娜·罗塞蒂

当我死了，亲爱的，
别为我唱忧伤的歌。
我坟上不必栽种蔷薇，
也无需浓荫的柏树，
让盖着我的绿草，
淋着雨，沾着露，
如果你愿意，请记着我，
要是你甘心，可忘了我。

我再不见地面的青荫，
觉不到雨露的甜蜜，
再听不到夜莺的歌喉，
在黑夜里倾诉悲啼。
在无尽的幽冥中迷睡，
阳光不升起也不坠去，
我也许，我也许记得你，
我也许，我也许忘记。





Song

Christina Georgina Rossetti

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me.
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree.
Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet,
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain,
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on as if in pain.
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

当白日已逝

［印度］罗宾德拉纳德·泰戈尔

假如白日已逝，
鸟儿不再鸣唱，
风儿也吹倦了，
那就用沉重的帷幕将我盖上，
如同黄昏时分你用睡眠的衾被裹住大地，
又轻柔合上睡莲的花瓣。

路途未完，行囊已空，
衣裳破裂污损，人已筋疲力尽，
你驱散了旅客的羞愧和困窘，
使他在你仁慈的夜幕下，
如花朵般重焕生机。

When Day Is Done

Rabindranath Tagore

If day is done,
If birds sing no more,
If the wind has flagged tired,
Then draw the veil of darkness thick upon me,
Even as thou hast wrapt the earth with
the coverlet of sleep and tenderly closed,
The petals of the drooping lotus at dusk.

From the traveler,
Whose sack of provisions is empty before the voyage is ended,
Whose garment is torn and dust-laden,
Whose strength is exhausted, remove shame and poverty,
And renew his life like a flower under
the cover of thy kindly night.

失去的爱

[英] 威廉·华兹华斯

她居住在白鸽泉水的旁边，
无人来往的路径通往四面。
一位姑娘未曾获得称赞，
也很少有人爱怜。

苔藓石旁的一株紫罗兰，
半藏着逃离人们的视线！
美丽得如同天上的孤星，
一颗唯一的星清辉闪闪。

她生无人知，死也无人唁，
不知她何时离了人间。
但她安睡在墓中，哦，可怜，
对于我意义全然不同。



The Lost Love

William Wordsworth

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of dove.
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love.

A violet by a mossy stone,
Half hidden from the eye!
Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know,
When Lucy ceased to be.
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me!



新的爱，新的生活

[德]约翰·沃尔夫冈·歌德

心，我的心，这感觉是为何？
什么事使你不得安宁？
多么奇异的新的生活——
我再无法将你铭记。
失去你所喜爱的一切，
失去你所感到的悲戚，
失去你的勤奋和安静——
唉，怎会弄到这种境地？

是不是这青春的美艳，
这丽人的可爱的请安，
这种至诚至善的凝视，
以无穷魅力锁住了你？
我想即刻离开她，
鼓起了勇气逃离她身边，
但我的道路，在片刻之间，
又把我引到她身边。

我从未见过
这种充满魔力的情网，
谁也不能够将它割破，
这位轻佻可爱的姑娘，
就用它将我罩住不放。
我只得按照她的方式，
在她的魔力圈中煎熬。
这种变化，唉，变得多大！
爱啊，爱啊，你放了我吧！





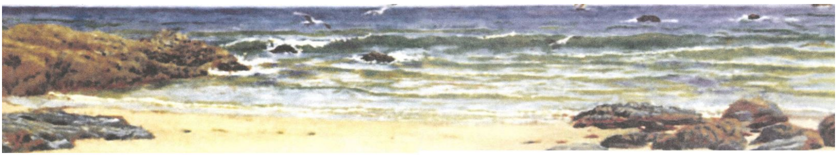
New Love, New Life

John Wolfgang Von Goeth

Heart! My heart! What means this feeling?
What oppresseth thee so sore?
What strange life is o'er me stealing!
I acknowledge thee no more.
Fled is all that gave thee gladness,
Fled the cause of all thy sadness,
Fled thy peace, thine industry—
Ah, why suffer it to be?

Say, do beauty's graces youthful.
Does this form so fair and bright,
Does this gaze so kind. so truthful,
Chain thee with unceasing might?
Would I tear me from her boldly,
Courage take, and fly her coldly,
Back to her. I'm forthwith led
By the path I seek to tread.

By a thread I never can sever,
For' tis' twined with magic skill.
Doth the cruel maid for ever
Hold me fast against my will.
While those magic chains confine me.
To her will I must resign me.
Ah, the change in truth is great!
Love! Kind love! Release me straight!



记着我

[英] 克里斯蒂娜·乔治娜·罗塞蒂

望你记着我，在我离去之后，
远远地离去，进入寂静之域。
那时你不能再紧握我的双手，
我也不能再犹豫着，欲去还留。
记着我，当你不能再日复一日
向我描绘我俩的未来。
只望你记着我，因为你也懂得：
那时已来不及再商量或祈祷。
不过如果你暂时把我忘记，
随后又重新记得，你别悲痛，
因为假如黑暗和腐朽之后
还留下我的思念的一点痕迹，
我情愿你带着笑容遗忘一切，
也不愿你因记住而愁容戚戚。

Remember Me

Christina Georgina Rossetti

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land.
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
you tell me of our future that you planned.
Only remember me, you understand:
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while,
And afterwards remember, do not grieve,
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.



石头上的影子

[英] 托马斯·哈代

我走过祭石，
它仿佛在花园里沉思，苍白而孤单。
我停下脚步观看，
看那上面飘忽不定的树影有节奏地摆动，
在我的意识中，
也有她熟悉的头与肩，
投下来，是她在园里干活的身形。
我感觉她就在我的身后，
呵，我失去她，已经太久，
我说：我知道你就站在我身后，
而你又为何走回这条旧路？
但没人回答，只有一片树叶飘落，
好像悲伤的回应。
为了止住悲伤，
我不想回头去印证，
我明知什么也没有，
还是想亲眼看看，
没有人在我背后，
但我曾想：不，
她，曾在那儿，并非我的幻想。
我慢慢从林间走出，
留下她在我身后，
仿佛她确实是个幽灵，
我头也不回，唯恐幻梦成空。



The Shadow on the Stone
Thomas Hardy

I went by the Druid stone,
That broods in the garden white and lone,
And I stopped and looked at the shifting shadows,
That at some moments fall thereon,
From the tree hard by with a rhythmic swing,
And they shaped in my imagining.
To the shade that a well-known head and shoulders,
Threw there she was gardening.
I thought her behind my back,
Yea, her I long had learned to lack,
And I said: I am sure you are standing behind me,
Though how do you get into this old track?
And there was no sound but the fall of a leaf,
As a sad response.
And to keep down my grief,
I would not turn my head to discover,
That there was nothing in my belief,
Yet I wanted to look and see
That nobody stood at the back of me.
But I thought once more: Nay, I'll not unvision,
A shape which, some how, there may be.
So I went on softly from the glade,
And left her behind me throwing her shade,
As she were indeed an apparition,
My head turned lest my dream should fade.





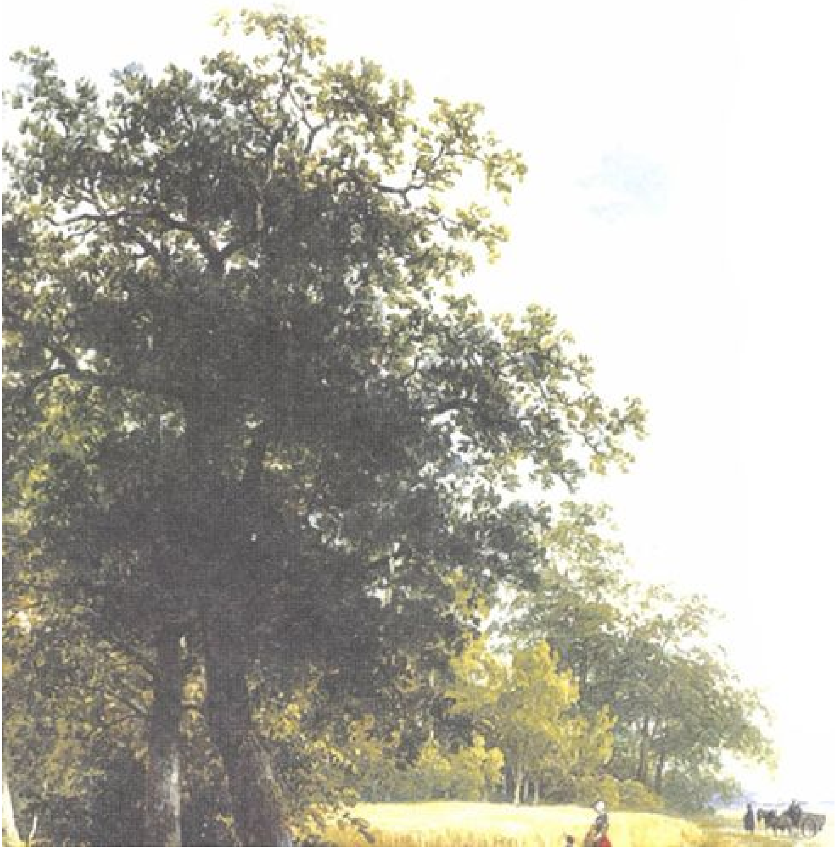
情人的哀诉

［英］托马斯·怀亚特

你真要离我而去？
说你不会！不会！那可羞愧！
别让人责怪于你，
给我带来忧伤和悲哀。
你真要离我而去？
不会！不会！

你真要离我而去？
我爱你那么久长，
曾经共度欢乐悲伤，
难道你的心强硬如此，
你真要离我而去？
不要！不要！

你真要离我而去？
我把心儿奉献，
绝不是为了分离，
更不是为了痛苦和悲戚，
你真要离我而去？
不要！不要！



The Lover's Appeal

Thomas Wyatt

And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay! for shame!
To save thee from the blame
Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?
That hath loved thee so long
In wealth and woe among,
And is thy heart so strong,
As for to leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

And wilt thou leave me thus?
That hath given thee my heart,
Never for to depart,
Neither for pain nor smart,
And wilt thou leave me thus?
Say nay! say nay!

请不要看我的眼睛

［英］阿尔弗雷德·爱德华·豪斯曼

请不要看我的眼睛，我害怕
它映出我看到的身影，
当你看到自己清晰的面容，
你会爱上它，失魂落魄如我，
在漫漫长夜中煎熬，
在哀愁叹息中耗尽生命。
你又何苦如我般毁灭？

请不要凝视我的双眸，
传说，有位希腊少年，
纵有多少女子爱他也枉然，
在森林井中，他看到自己的容颜，
从此不再看它物。

每当春来，百花盛开，
双眼低垂，满面含哀
站立在朦胧烟雨中的
不再是那希腊少年，
而是一株娇弱水仙。



Look Not In My Eyes

Alfred Edward Housman

Look not in my eyes, for fear
They mirror true the sight I see,
And there you find your face too clear,
And love it and be lost like me,
One the long nights through must lie,
Spent in star-defeated sighs,
But why should you as well as I perish?

Gaze not in my eyes,
A Grecian lad, as I hear tell,
One that many loved in vain,
Look into a forest well,
And never looked away again.

There, when the turf in springtime flowers,
With downward eye and gazes sad,
Stands amid the glancing showers
A jonquil, not a Grecian lad.

单纯如歌的爱

［印度］罗宾德拉纳德·泰戈尔

手牵着手，眼望着眼：
我们的心路历程由此开始。
那是一个洒满月光的三月夜晚，
空气中飘着散沫花的气息，
我的长笛孤零零地躺在泥土里，
你的花环也没有编完。
你我之间的爱单纯得像一支歌。



你橘黄色的面纱令我的双眼迷醉，
你编织的茉莉花环像一种荣耀，
震颤了我的心。
这游戏欲予欲留，忽隐忽现，
有些微笑，有些娇羞，还有些甜蜜的无谓挣扎。
你我之间的爱单纯得像一支歌。

没有视线之外的神秘，
没有可能之外的强求，
没有魅力背后的阴影，
没有黑暗深处的探索。
你我之间的爱单纯得像一支歌。

我们没有偏离出语言的轨道，
陷入永恒的沉默。
我们没有举起双手，奢求希望之外的空虚。
我们给予的与得到的已经足够多。
我们未曾把快乐彻底碾碎，从中榨出痛苦之酒。
你我之间的爱单纯得像一支歌。

Love is Simple As A Song

Rabindranath Tagore

Hands cling to hands and eyes linger on eyes:
Thus begins the record of our hearts.
It is the moonlight night of March:
The sweet smell of henna is in the air,
My flute lies on the earth neglected and your garland of flower is unfinished.
This love between you and me is simple as a song.

Your veil of the saffron color makes my eyes drunk,
The jasmine wreath that you wove me thrills to my heart like praise.
It is a game of giving and withholding,
revealing and screening again,
some smiles and some little shyness,
and some sweet useless struggles.
This love between you and me is simple as a song.

No mystery beyond the present,
No striving for the impossible,
No shadow behind the charm,
No groping in the depth of the dark.
This love between you and me is simple as a song.

We do not stray out of all words into the ever silent.
We do not raise our hands to the void for things beyond hope.
It is enough what we give and we get.
We have not crushed the joy to the utmost to wring from it the wine of pain.
This love between you and me is simple as a song.



我愿意是急流……

［匈牙利］裴多菲·山陀尔

我愿意是急流，
山里的河流，
经过崎岖的路途，
嶙峋岩石……
只要我的爱人
是一条小鱼，
在我的浪花中
快乐地游来泳去。

我愿意是荒林，
在河流的两岸，
与一阵阵的狂风，
勇敢地作战……
只要我的爱人
是一只小鸟，
在我的稠密的
树枝间做巢，鸣叫。



我愿意是废墟，

单望在峻峭的山岩上，
静默的毁灭
不会令我沮丧……
只要我的爱人
是青青的常春藤，
沿着我荒凉的额，
紧紧地攀援上升。

我愿意是茅屋，
在深深的山谷底，
忍受风雨的打击
打在茅屋的顶上……
只要我的爱人
是活泼的火焰，
在我的炉子里，
愉快地缓慢闪荡。

我愿意是云朵，
是灰色的破旗，
在广漠的空中，
懒懒地飘来荡去……
只要我的爱人
是珊瑚似的夕阳，
傍着我苍白的脸，
显出艳丽的辉煌。

I Am Willing That It Is A Torrent
Petofi Sandor

I am willing that it is a torrent,
The river in the mountain,
Pass the rock on the rugged mountain path ...
Only my spouse it is a small fish,
Swim happily in my spray.

I willing neglect woods,
Two sides in river,
To a burst of blast,
Fight bravely…
Only my spouse
It is a bird dense in mine make the nest among the branch pipe.

I am willing that it is the ruins,
On high and steep mountain and rock,
This ruin mourned in silence does not make me dejected ...
Only my spouse it is the blue and green blue and green Chinese ivy,
Along my bleak and desolate volume,
Climb up by holding on to and rise on intimate terms with each otherly.

I am willing that it is the thatched cottage,
In the deep mountain valley bottom,
Endure the strike of the trials and hardship to the fullest extent
On the top of the thatched cottage ...
Only my spouse it is the lovely flame,
In my stove, flash slowly happily.

I am willing that it is a cloud,
It is the grey breaking the flag,
Swing too lazy to feel like floatingly in the vast sky ...
Only my spouse coral's the setting sun,
Draw near me pale face and show bright-colored brilliance.

无情的妖女

［英］约翰·济慈

骑士啊，是什么令你苦恼，
独自沮丧地游荡？
湖中的芦苇已经枯萎，
鸟儿也不再歌唱！
骑士啊，是什么令你苦恼，
如此憔悴和悲伤？
松鼠的小巢贮满食物，
庄稼也都进了谷仓。
你的额角白似百合，
垂挂着滚烫的露珠，
你的面颊如同玫瑰，
正在快速地凋零。
我在草坪上遇见了
一个妖女，美似天仙，
她长发飘飘，步履轻捷，
而眼里野性的光芒闪闪。
我给她编织过花冠、
芬芳的腰带和手镯，
她望着我轻声叹息，
仿佛是真心爱着我。
我带她骑在骏马上，
她把脸儿侧对着我，
我整日什么都不顾，
只听她的妖女之歌。
她采来甜美的草根、
野蜜、甘露和仙果，
她用离奇的话语，
说她是真心爱我。
她带我到了她的山洞，
又是落泪，又是悲泣，
我在那儿吻了四次
她野性的、野性的眼。

然后她将我迷醉，
啊，我做了个惊心的噩梦。
我看见国王和王子
也在那妖女的洞中。
还有无数的骑士，
都苍白得仿如骷髅。
他们叫道：无情的妖女
已把你虏为俘囚！
在幽暗里，他们的瘪嘴
大张着，预告着灾祸。
一觉醒来，我看见自己
躺在这冰冷的山坡。
因此，我就留在这里，
独自沮丧地游荡。
虽然湖中的芦苇已枯，
也没有鸟儿歌唱。



La Belle Dame Sans Merci

John Keats

O What can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.
O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
So haggard and so woe-begone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.
I see a lily on thy brow,
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose,
Fast withereth too.
I met a lady in the meads,
Full beautiful-a faery's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.
I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone.
She looked at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.
I set her on my pacing steed,
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A faery's song.
She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild, and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said —
I love thee true.
She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

And there she lulled me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!

The latest dream I ever dream'd
On the cold hill's side.
I saw pale kings and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried — La Belle Dame sans Merci
Hath thee in thrall!
I saw their starved lips in the gloam,
With horrid warning gaped wide,
And I awoke and found me here,
On the cold hill's side.
And this is why I sojourn here,
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the lake,
And no birds sing.

灿亮的星

［英］约翰·济慈

灿亮的星啊，但愿我能如你般坚定，
但我不要孤独地高悬在夜空闪烁，
睁着一双永不合拢的眼眸，
彻夜无眠犹如苦修的隐士，
凝视海水冲洗尘世的崖岸，
好似牧师行施净体的沐浴，
或正俯瞰下界的荒原与山群，
被轻轻飘落的雪罩遮盖，
我不要这样——但要永远坚定如昔，
枕卧在我美丽的爱人的胸前，
永远能感受它轻轻的起伏，
永远清醒，在甜蜜的不安中，
永远、永远听着她轻柔的呼吸，
永远这样生活——或狂喜至死。



Bright Star

John Keats

Bright star, would I were stedfast as thou art,
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient, sleepless Eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task,
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask,
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors,
No-yet still stedfast, still unchangeable,
Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever in a sweet unrest,
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever—or else swoon to death.



世界上最遥远的距离

［印度］罗宾德拉纳德·泰戈尔

世界上最遥远的距离，
不是生和死，
而是我就站在你面前，
你却不知道我爱你；
世界上最遥远的距离，
不是我站在你面前
你却不知道我爱你，
而是爱到癫狂，
却不能说我爱你；
世界上最遥远的距离，
不是我不能说我爱你，
而是想你，想到心痛
却只能深埋心底；
世界上最遥远的距离，
不是不能说我想你，
而是彼此相爱，
却无法在一起；
世界上最遥远的距离，
不是彼此相爱，
却无法在一起，
而是明知道真爱无敌，
却装作毫不在意。

世界上最遥远的距离，
不是树与树的距离，
而是同根生长的树枝，
却无法在风中相依；
世界上最遥远的距离，
不是树枝无法相依，
而是相互瞭望的星星，
却没有交汇的轨迹；
世界上最遥远的距离，

不是星星没有交汇的轨迹，
而是纵然轨迹交汇，
却在转瞬间无处寻觅；
世界上最遥远的距离，
不是瞬间便无处寻觅，
而是还没相遇，
便注定无法相聚。
世界上最遥远的距离，
是鱼与飞鸟的距离，
一个翱翔天际，
一个却潜沉海底。



The Furthest Distance in the World

Rabindranath Tagore

The most distant way in the world
is not the way from birth to the end.
It is when I sit near you
that you don't understand I love you.
The most distant way in the world
is not that
you're not sure I love you.
It is when my love is bewildering the soul
but I can't speak it out.
The most distant way in the world
is not that I can't say I love you.
It is after looking into my heart
I can't change my love.
The most distant way in the world
is not that I'm loving you.
It is in our love
we are keeping between the distance.
The most distant way in the world
is not.
the distance across us
It is when we're breaking through the way
we deny the existance of love
So the most distant way in the world
is not in two distant trees.
It is the same rooted branches
can't enjoy the co-existance.
So the most distant way in the world
is not in the being separated branches.
It is in the blinking stars
they can't burn the light.
So the most distant way in the world
is not the burning stars.
It is after the light
they can't be seen from afar.
So the most distant way in the world

is not the light that is fading away.
It is the coincidence of us
is not supposed for the love.
So the most distant way in the world
is the love between the fish and bird.
One is flying in the sky,
the other is looking upon into the sea.





如果你在秋天到来

［美］艾米莉·狄更生

如果你在秋天到来，
我将把夏日抛开，

半带微笑，半带弃绝，
如家庭主妇把苍蝇驱散。
如果能在一年之中将你盼来，
我将把月份拈成一个个纱团，
把它们分开，各自放进抽屉，
以免把时间弄乱。
如果只是延至数个世纪，
我愿搬弄手指度日数数，
逐日递减，直到手指
再也无法搬动。

如果确定无疑，当今生度完，
属于你和我的今生，
我愿把它，像果壳，扔向无穷，
去到来生把你赢得，
而目前，
等待无期，天各一方，
像妖蜂，使我刺痛不已，
无法诉说，如刺如燎。

If You Were Coming in the Fall

Emily Dickinson

If you were coming in the Fall,
I'd brush the summer by
With half a smile, and half a spurn,
As housewives do a fly.

If I could see you in a year,
I'd wind the months in balls,
And put them each in separate drawers,
For fear the numbers fuse.
If only centuries delayed,
I'd count them on my hand,
Subtracting till my fingers dropped
Into Van Dieman's land.

If certain, when this life was out,
That yours and mine should be,
I'd toss it yonder like a rind,
And take eternity.
But now, uncertain of the length
Of this, that is between,
It goads me, like the goblin bee—
That will not state its sting.

你像一朵花儿

［德］亨利希·海涅

你好像一朵花儿，
如此美丽、纯洁、神圣，
我凝视着你，
一丝哀愁悄悄潜入我的心底。
我愿把手轻轻放在你的额上，
祈祷上帝保佑你，
永远神圣、纯洁和美丽。



You Are Like A Flower
Heinrich Heine

Oh, you are like a flower,
So fair and pure and blest,
I gaze at you, and sadness
Steals softly into my breast.
I feel I must lay my hands on
Your forehead with a prayer,
That god in heaven should keep you
So blest and pure and fair.

请允许我成为你的夏季

[美] 艾米莉·狄更生

请允许我成为你的夏季，
当夏季的光阴已然逝去！
让我继续为你而歌，
当夜鹰与金莺收敛了歌喉！
请允许我为你绽放，我将越过墓地，
一路播撒我的花朵！
请把我采撷吧——银莲花——
你的花朵——为你盛开，直至永远！



Summer for Thee, Grant I May Be

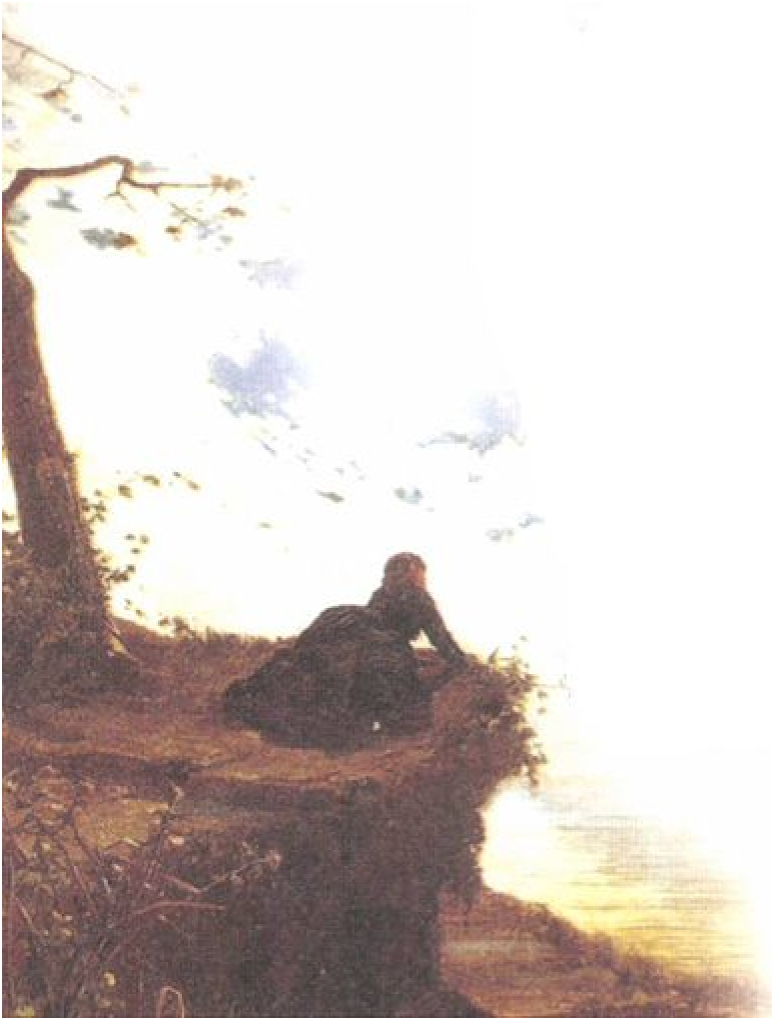
Emily Dickinson

Summer for thee, grant I may be,
When summer days are flown!
Thy music still, when whippoorwill
And Oriole—are done!
For thee to bloom, I'll skip the tomb,
And row my blossoms o'er!
Pray gather me—Anemone—
Thy flower—forevermore!

我该怎样来爱你

［英］伊丽莎白·巴莱特·勃朗宁

我该怎样来爱你？让我逐一细述。
我爱你之深邃，之宽广，之高远，
尽我的灵魂所能及之处，仿如探求玄冥中
神的存在和美好至极。
我爱你如每日之必需，
阳光下和烛焰前都不可或缺。
我自由地爱着你，似人们争取他们的权利，
我纯洁地爱着你，如人们在赞美前会低头。
我爱你，带着我昔日伤痛的
那种激情和童年时的赤子之心。
我爱你，以我昔日对圣贤
之无尽爱意——
我用呼吸，
用微笑，用泪水，用我整个生命来爱你！
假使上帝愿意，我死后将更加爱你！



How Do I Love Thee

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

How do I love thee? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and Ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of everyday's,
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right.
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love with a passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints, —I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, and all my life—and, if God choose,
I shall but love thee better after death.

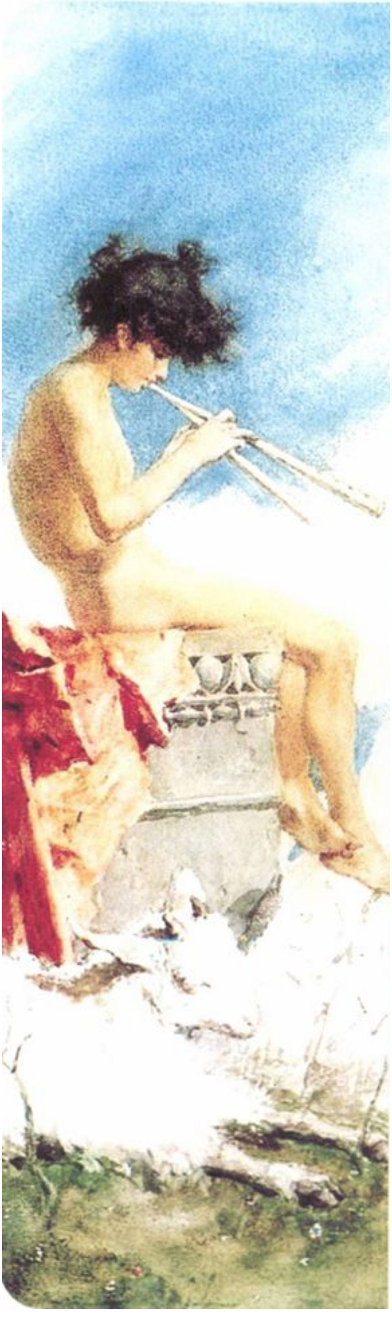
仙女对牧羊人的回答

［英］沃尔特·罗利

假如整个世界和爱情永远年轻，
而所有牧羊人的誓言句句真诚，
这些美妙的欢乐便会令我心动，
来与你一起生活，做你的恋人。

时光追逐羊群从田野直至羊栏，
河水开始咆哮，岩石变得冰冷，
夜莺停止歌唱黯然无语，
安宁抱怨起悄然袭来的忧虑。

花会残败，蛊惑的田野也如此，
任意而为的冬季令一切退避，
甜蜜的舌头，冷酷的心，
是幻想的喷泉，而痛苦却降临。



你的新袍，你的新鞋，和你的玫瑰花床，
你的花冠，你的裙裾，和你的缤纷花束，

瞬间便消失，枯萎，被人忘记，
愚蠢的成熟，注定得早衰。

你那用草秆和青藤嫩芽编织的腰带，
珊瑚的别针，琥珀做的扣环，
这一切都无法打动我，
令我走到你的身边，做你的恋人。

可只要青春常在，爱仍然鲜活，
只要愉悦无需以年月计算，永恒存在，
这样的欢乐就会打动我，
去和你一起生活，做你的恋人。

The Nymph's Reply to the Shepherd

Walter Raleigh

If all the world and love were young,
And truth in every shepherd's tongue,
These pretty pleasures might me move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

Time drives the flocks from field to fold,
When rivers rage and rocks grow cold,
And Philomel becometh dumb,
The rest complains of cares to come.

The flowers do fade, and wanton fields,
To wayward winter reckoning yields,
A honey tongue, a heart of gall,
Is fancy's spring, but sorrow's fall.

Thy gowns, thy shoes, thy beds of roses,
Thy cap, thy kirtle, and thy posies
Soon break, soon wither, soon forgotten,
In folly ripe, in reason rotten.

Thy belt of straw and ivy buds,
Thy coral clasps and amber studs,
All these in me no means can move,
To come to thee and bethy love.

But could youth last, and love still breed,
Had joys no date, nor age no need,
Then these delights my mind might move,
To live with thee and be thy love.

我喜欢你的沉静

［智利］巴勃鲁·聂鲁达

我喜欢你的沉静，仿佛你并未在场，
你从远方听我，我的声音触不到你。
如同你的眼睛已经飞逸，
如同你的嘴唇被亲吻封闭。
像一切都充满了我的心灵，
你从中浮现，充满我的心灵。
你就像我灵魂，如梦中的蝴蝶
你是忧郁最好的诠释。

我喜欢你的沉静，好像你在远处。
你似乎在哀叹，如同鸽语的蝴蝶。
你从远方听我，我的声音达不到你：

让我在你的沉默中安静，
让我与你的沉默交谈，
沉默明亮如灯，简朴如环。
你像夜晚，拥有安静与星宿，
你的沉默是星，迢遥却普照大地。

我喜欢你的沉静，就仿佛你已离去，
遥远又充满忧愁，好像你已经逝去。
只要一个字，一个微笑，就已足够。
而我快活，快活一切并非真实。





I Like for You to Be Still

Pablo Neruda

I like for you to be still, it is as though you were absent,
And you hear me from far away, and my voice does not touch you.
It seems as though your eyes had flown away,
And it seems that a kiss had sealed your mouth.
As all things are filled with my soul,
You emerge from the things, filled with my soul.
You are like my soul, a butterfly of dream,
And you are like the word Melancholy.

I like for you to be still, and you seem far away.
It sounds as though you were lamenting, a butterfly cooing like a dove.
And you hear me from far away, and my voice does not reach you:
Let me come to be still in your silence.
And let me talk to you with your silence,
That is bright as a lamp, simple as a ring.
You are like the night, with its stillness and constellations.
Your silence is that of a star, as remore and candid.

I like for you to be still, it is as though you were absent,
Distant and full of sorrow as though you had died.
One word then, one smile, is enough.
And I am happy, happy that it's not true.

他希冀天国的锦缎

［英］威廉·巴特勒·叶芝

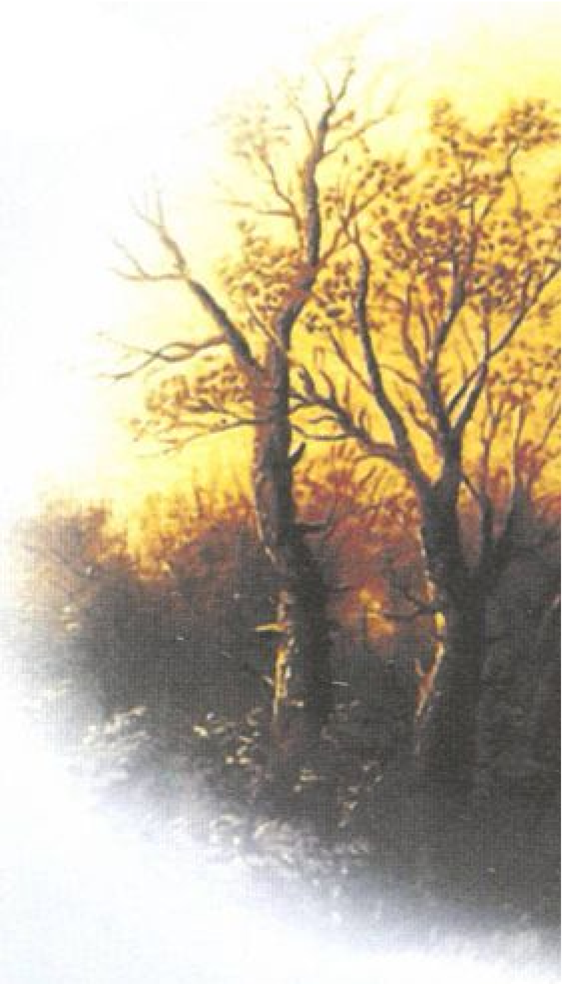
如若我有天国的锦缎，
以金银色的光线织就，
蔚蓝的、灰蒙的、漆黑的锦缎
变幻着黑夜、晨昏与白昼。
我愿把这锦缎铺展在你的足下，
可我，除了梦想，一无所有，
就把我的梦铺展在你的足下，
轻点啊，因为你踩着的是，我的梦。



He Wishes for the Cloths of Heaven

William Butler Yeats

Had I the heavens' embroidered cloths,
Enwrought with golden and silver light,
The blue and the dim and the dark cloths
Of night and light and the half-light.
I would spread the cloths under your feet,
But I, being poor, have only my dreams,
I have spread my dreams under your feet,
Tread softly because you tread on my dreams.

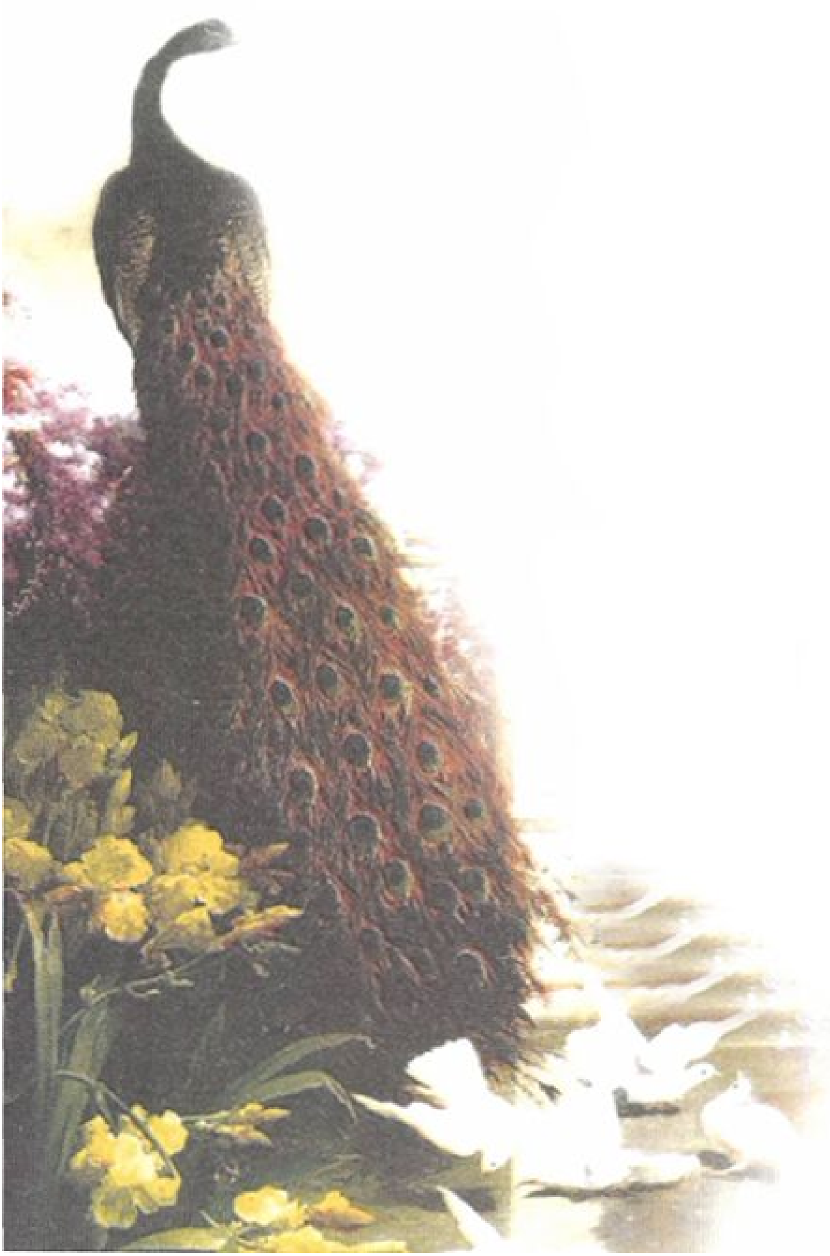


回声

［英］托马斯·摩尔

回声如此甜美，
回应着夜晚的旋律，
当琵琶声和号角声响起，她从梦中苏醒，
越过草地与湖畔，
去回答遥远的光的召唤，
但爱情的回声更加真实，
更加甜美，
比在月色星光下面的号角
柔和的吉他与琵琶
所奏的歌儿更令人心醉。

只有叹息时——在诚挚的青年心中，
只有那时，
为某人所发出的叹息，
会得到那个人，那唯一亲爱的人
最真挚的回应。



Echo

Thomas Moore

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To Music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light!
Yet love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet
Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn or lute or soft guitar
The songs repeat.

When the sigh, —in youth sincere
And only then,
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear—
Is by that one, that only dear
Breathed back again.

暴风雨夜，暴风雨夜！

[英] 艾米莉·狄更生

我若与你同在，
暴风雨夜就是
豪奢的喜悦！
风，无能为力，
吹不进心的港湾——
罗盘，无需
海图，无用！
泛舟在伊甸园——
啊，海！
今夜，但愿我能，
停泊在你的水域！





Wild Nights! Wild Nights!

Emily Dickinson

Were I with thee,
Wild Nights should be
Our luxury!
Futile the winds,
To a heart in port,
Done with the compass,
Done with the chart.
Rowing in Eden!
Ah! the sea!
Might I but moor,
To-night in thee!

别再问我

［英］托马斯·卡洛

别再问我，爱神在哪里。
当六月过去，玫瑰凋残，
你的美丽是那么灿烂，
这些花儿仿佛因此而熟睡。

别再问我，是否漂泊，
白天金色的阳光，
那是纯洁爱情的天空，
为装饰你的秀发而准备。

别再问我，夜莺在哪里，
当五月悄然离去，
你那甜蜜的歌喉，
在冬季，温暖着她的音符。

别再问我，明亮的繁星，
夜晚结束时去了哪里。
因为他们就在你的眼中，
固定在那里，犹如在他们的家。

别再问我，凤凰在哪里，
筑起她的缤纷巢穴，
因为她最终飞向了你，
在你芳香的怀抱中死去。



Ask Me No More

Thomas Carew

Ask me no more where Jove bestows,
When June is past, the fading rose;
For in your beauty's orient deep,
These flowers, as in their causes, sleep.

Ask me no more whither do stray,
The golden atoms of the day;
For in pure love did heaven prepare
Those powders to enrich your hair.

Ask me no more whither doth haste,
The nightingale, when May is past;
For in your sweet dividing throat,
She winters, and keeps warm her note.

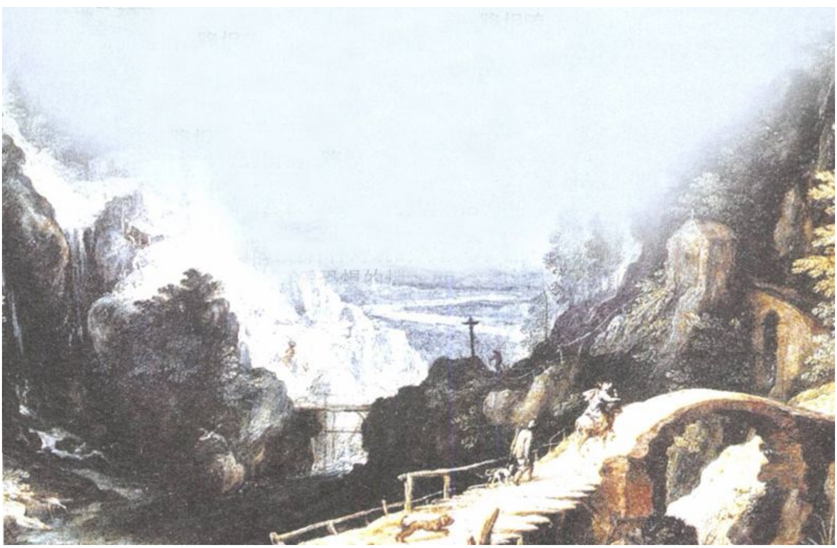
Ask me no more where those stars' light,
That downwards fall in dead of night;
For in your eyes they sit, and there,
Fixed become, as in their sphere.

Ask me no more if east or west,
The phoenix builds her spicy nest;
For unto you at last she flies,
And in your fragrant bosom dies.

夜会

[苏格兰] 罗伯特·勃朗宁

灰色的大海，黑暗的长岸，
又大又黄的半月低挂天际，
梦中惊醒的浪花在蹦跳，
像无数小小的火环闪耀。
我急行的船擦着淤泥，
减慢了速度驶进小湾。
温暖芬芳的海的味道一路相随，
越过三垄地，到了那农家，
一叩窗，嚓的一声响回应，
火柴迸出了蓝荧荧的火光。
充满喜乐恐惧的悄悄话，
轻过怦怦对跳的两颗心！



Meeting at Night
Robert Browning

The grey sea and the long black land,
And the yellow half-moon large and low,
And the startled little waves that leap,
In fiery ringlets from their sleep.
As I gain the cove with pushing prow,
And quench its speed i' the slushy sand.
Then a mile of warm sea-scented beach,
Three fields to cross till a farm appears,
A tap at the pane, the quick sharp scratch,
And blue spurt of a lighted match.
And a voice less loud, thro' its joys and fears,
Than the two hearts beating each to each!

致奥罗娜

［英］威廉·亚历山大

哦，倘若你知道怎样把自己伤害，
知道如何预知你的幸福，搅乱我的平静，
那么你胸中的冰块将消融殆尽，
你温柔的心肠就会温暖如春。
哦，倘若你的清高已把欢乐阻碍，
你还能看到什么爱的奇迹！
如果你把全部身心交付于我，
我将把灵魂倾注于你的心怀。
于是我一腔思恋将闪在你的面庞，
如果你遭受不幸，不要自怨自艾，
也不要把忧伤的重负承担，
不，我愿与你一起同甘共苦。
当我们把两个人的痛苦融为一体，
幸福的和声将把它化为虚无。



To Aurora

William Alexander

O if thou knew'st how thou thyself dost harm,
And dost prejudge thy bliss, and spoil my rest,
Then thou would'st melt the ice out of thy breast,
And thy relenting heart would kindly warm.
O if thy pride did not our joys controul,
What world of loving wonders should'st thou see!
For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,
Then in thy bosom I would pour my soul.
Then all my thoughts should in thy visage shine,
And if that aught mischanced thou should'st not moan,
Nor bear the burthen of thy griefs alone,
No. I would have my share in what were thine.
And whilst we thus should make our sorrows one,
This happy harmony would make them none.

如果你一心爱我

［英］伊丽莎白·巴莱特·勃朗宁

如果你一心爱我，那就别为了什么，
只是为了爱我。别这样讲：
“我爱她，为了她的笑容，她的样貌，
她低语的方式；为了她这感触
正与我契合，那天里，
的确给我带来满怀的喜悦和舒畅。”
因为这些事情都不能永远，亲爱的，
可能会变，因你而变，而这样的爱曲也将哑寂。
也别爱我，因为你又怜又惜地给我揩干了泪腮，
一个人会忘了哭泣，当她久爱你
温柔的安慰——却因此失去了你的爱。
爱我，请只是为了爱，
那你就能持续地爱，直至永恒。



If Thou Must Love Me

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

If thou must love me, let it be for nought,
Except for love's sake only. Do not say:
"I love her for her smile—her look—her way
Of speaking gently, —for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day—"
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee—and love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry.
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby!
But love me for love's sake, that evenmore,
Thou may'st love on, through love's eternity.

印度小夜曲

［英］珀西·比希·雪莱

在夜晚最初香甜的睡眠里，
从梦见你的梦中起身，
温暖的晚风正习习地吹，
灿烂的星辰闪耀着清辉。
从梦见你的梦中起身，
有个精灵就在我的脚底，
他引导着我，以未知的方式，
来到你的纱窗下。
哦，亲爱的！
四处游荡的夜神已经疲惫，
淹没在幽暗沉静的清溪——
黄兰的芳馨已然消逝，
就像梦中那甜美的幽思，
夜莺一声声泣血的倾诉
已在心底凄然死去——
我的生命也必将在你心上停歇，
因为，哦，我所热爱的只是你！



哦，请快把我从绿茵上扶起，
我气息奄奄，神智昏迷，衰竭无力！
让你爱的亲吻如密雨降临，
降落在我苍白的嘴唇和眼皮。
我的面颊冰凉，如雪！
我的心脏沉重急促，

哦，再一次把它拥紧在你的胸前，
它将碎裂在你的心窝里。

Indian Serenade

Percy Bysshe Shelley

I arise from dreams of thee,
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low,
And the stars are shining bright.
I arise from dreams of thee.
And a spirit in my feet,
Hath led me—who knows how?
To thy chamber window, sweet!

The wandering airs they faint.
On the dark, the silent stream—
And the Champak's odours
Like sweet thoughts in a dream.
The nightingale's complaint.
It dies upon her heart.
As I must on thine.
O beloved as thou art!

O lift me from the grass!
I die! I faint! I fail!
Let thy love in kisses rain
On my lips and eyelids pale,
My cheek is cold and white, alas!
My heart beats loud and fast,
O press it to thine own again,
Where it will break at last.

寂静的中午

［英］但丁·加布里埃尔·罗塞蒂

你的手伸展在柔嫩的长草里，
指尖如玫瑰花蕾一样透明，
你的眼睛荡着恬静的微笑。
牧场时而闪烁，时而暗淡，
在风起云涌的长空下。
在我们的巢穴周围，在我们的视野之内，
是镶着银边的金凤花铺成的原野，
是峨参环绕的山毛榉篱笆。
这可见的沉静，沙漏一般的沉静。
阳光追逐的枝苗深处，
一只蜻蜓挂在如同从天空垂下的蓝线，
这生着翅膀的时光缓缓降落在我们头顶。
啊！心贴心地抱紧我们吧，为了这不朽的馈赠，
这亲密相伴的沉默时光，
双重的沉默就是一首爱的歌谣。

Silent Noon

Dante Gabriel Rossetti

Your hands lie open in the long fresh grass,
The finger-points look through like rosy blooms,
Your eyes smile peace. The pasture gleams and glooms.
'Neath billowing skies that scatter and amass.
All round our nest, far as the eye can pass,
Are golden kingcup-fields with silver edge,
Where the cow-parsley skirts the hawthorn-hedge.
'Tis visible silence, still as the hour-glass.
Deep in the sun-searched growths the dragon-fly,
Hangs like a blue-thread loosened from the sky.
So this wing'd hour is dropt to us from above.
Oh! Clasp we to our hearts, for deathless dower,
This close-companioned inarticulate hour,
When two-fold silence was the song of love.

成熟的樱桃

［英］托马斯·坎品

她的脸上有一个花园，
玫瑰与百合生长怒放。
那里就是个天堂的天堂，
结着各种美味鲜果在园中。
那里的樱桃无人能购采，
直到“成熟的樱桃”自己欢呼出声。

两排灿烂的珠宝，
被樱桃紧紧包围，
每当她嫣然一笑，
便如同雪中的玫瑰蓓蕾，
但是公子王孙都不能购采，
直到“成熟的樱桃”自己欢呼出声。

她的眼睛像守卫的天使，
她的双眉像待发的弯弓，
她蹙着颦头示警要处死
任何胆敢向樱桃靠拢
企图用眼贪看，用手强采的人，
直到“成熟的樱桃”自己欢呼出声。

Cherry-Ripe
Thomas Campion

There is a garden in her face,
Where roses and white lilies grow.
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow.
There cherries grow which none may buy,
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds filled with snow,
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,
Till "Cherry ripe" themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still.
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threatening with piercing frowns to kill,
All that attempt with eye or hand,
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
Till "Cherry-ripe" themselves do cry.

初恋

［英］约翰·克莱尔

在那一刻之前，
我才被
突如其来的甜蜜爱情击中。
她青春焕发的脸庞像鲜花一朵，
彻底地偷走了我的心。
我的脸变得苍白，死一般的苍白，
我的双腿拒绝继续行走，
当她显示出“我为何苦恼”的神色，
我的生命及其一切似乎化为尘土。

那时，我的热血涌上脸部，
眼中的视力不翼而飞。
周围一片片树木和丛林，
在正午之时化作了子夜。
我一切都无法看清，
言语开始从眼中流露，
如同从琴弦奏出旋律，
血液燃烧在我的心房。

是否鲜花是冬天的选择？
是否爱巢始终就是白雪之絮？
她仿佛听到了我沉默的声音，
并且得知了爱情的呼吁。
我以前在此伫立之时，
从未见过这般甜美脸蛋。
我的心儿离开了栖居的地方，
而且永远也无法返回。





First Love

John Clare

I never was struck before that hour,
With love so sudden and so sweet,
Her face is bloomed like a sweet flower,
And stole my heart away complete.
My face turned pale as deadly pale,
My legs refused to walk away,

And when she looked "What could I ail?"
My life and all seemed turned to clay.
And then my blood rushed to my face,
And took my eyesight quite away,
The trees and bushes round the place,
Seemed midnight at noonday,
I could not see a single thing,
Words from my eyes did start,
They spoke as chords do from the string,
And blood burnt round my heart,

Are flowers the winter's choice?
Is love's bed always snow?
She seemed to hear my silent voice,
And love's appeals to know,
I never saw so sweet a face,
As that I stood before,
My heart has left its dwelling-place,
And can return no more.



情人谷

［英］威廉·巴特勒·叶芝

我梦见我身处一条山谷，周围是一片哀息，
幸福的恋人成双成对地从我的身旁经过。
我梦见往昔的爱人悄然从林中走出，
云样的眼睑遮掩了梦幻般的双眸。
我在梦中呼喊，姑娘们啊，
让少年们把头枕在你们的膝上，
将你们的秀发垂在他们的眼际，
否则，若想起爱人的容颜，他们便再看不到美丽。
直到这世界上所有的山谷都枯萎荒废。

A Valley Full of Lovers

William Butler Yeats

I dreamed that I stood in a valley, and amid sighs,
For happy lovers passed two by two where I stood.
And I dreamed my lost love came stealthily out of the wood,
With her cloud-pale eyelids falling on dream-dimmed eyes.
I cried in my dream, o women, bid the young men lay
Their heads on your knees, and drown their eyes with your hair,
Or remembering hers they will find no other face fair.
Till all the valleys of the world have been withered away.



诗神之子

[德] 约翰·沃尔夫冈·歌德

游荡在旷野与林木间，
吹奏出那悦耳的笛音，
时光便这样悄然而逝。
随着我的旋律，
人们击节而舞，
狂欢不停。

我焦灼地等待，迫不及待
花园里第一朵鲜花的盛开，
和那春日里第一抹的新绿。
他们为我的喜悦高呼——
当寒冬再一次来临，
我依然会歌唱甜美的春梦。



椴树下，
我偶遇到年轻的人们，
我带着他们一起舞蹈，
只见笨拙的小伙子，
还有优雅的姑娘，
全都跟随着我的曲调旋转。

我的歌声时远时近，
响彻冰原，回音清脆
使整个冬日盛开暖意。
即使花儿凋谢飘零，
我依然见到明媚的欢颜，
散落在泉水之滨，喜乐无边。

借给爱人翅膀以助双足，
送伊人飞越过高山河谷，
远离家园。
啊，亲爱的缪斯女神，
何时我才能停下来，
偎依在你的身边，
永享宁闲，不再游荡？

The Muses'Son

John Wolfgang Von Goethe

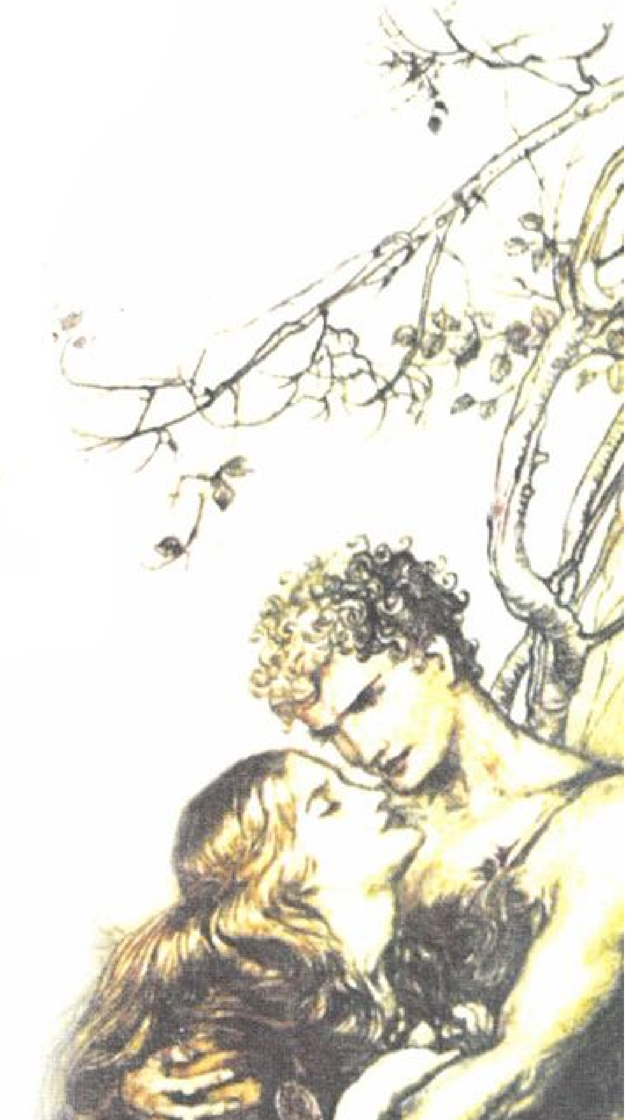
Through field and wood to stray,
And pipe my tuneful lay,
'Tis thus my days are passed;
And all keep tune with me,
And move in harmony,
And so on, to the last.

To wait I scarce have power
The garden's earliest flower,
The tree's first bloom in Spring;
They hail my joyous strain,
When winter comes again,
Of that sweet dream I sing.

When'neath the linden tree,
Young folks I chance to see,
I set them moving soon;
His nose the dull lad curls,
The formal maiden whirls,
Obedient to my tune.

My song sounds far and near,
O'er ice it echoes clear,
Then Winter blossoms bright;
And when his blossoms fly,
Fresh raptures meet mine eye,
Upon the well-till'd height.

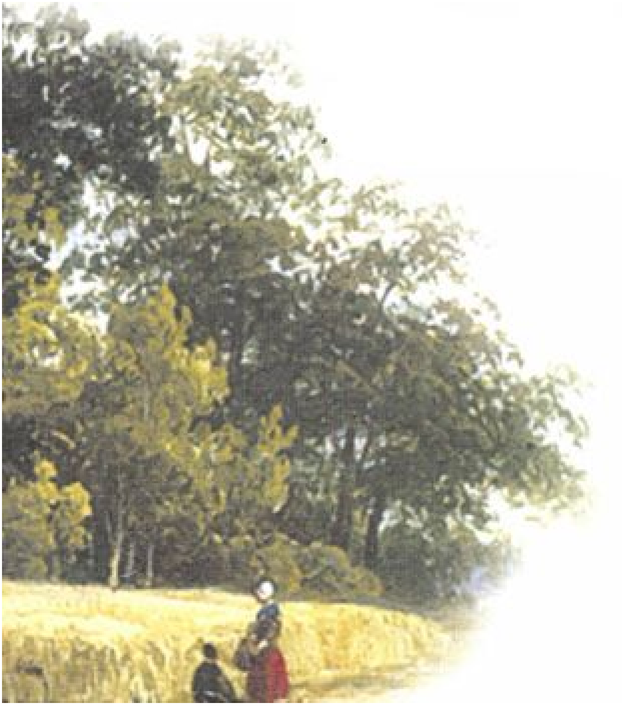
Wings to the feet ye lend,
O'er hill and vale ye send,
The lover far from home;
When shall I, on your breast,
Ye kindly muses, rest,
And cease at length to roam?



第一次吻我

［英］伊丽莎白·巴雷特·勃朗宁

他第一次吻我，只是吻了一下写就这诗篇的手，
从此我的手就越来越白净纯美，不善与尘世招呼，
而在天使说话时却能敏于呼唤：“啊，快听哪！”
即使在那儿戴上一个紫玉瑛戒指，
也不会分明那第一个吻在我眼里的痕迹。
第二个吻，就往高处升，他找到了前额，
可是偏斜了一些，一半儿印在发丝上。
这无比的惆怅啊，是爱神搽的圣油！
——先于爱神的华美的皇冠。
那第三个，那么美妙，
正好压在我嘴唇上，
从此我就骄傲，敢于呼唤：“爱，我的爱！”



First Time He Kissed Me

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

First time he kissed me, he but only kissed
The fingers of this hand wherewith I write;
And ever since, it grew more clean and white.
Slow to world-greetings, quick with its "Oh. list,"
When the angels speak. A ring of amethyst,
I could not wear here, plainer to my sight,
Than that first kiss.
The second passed in height
The first, and sought the forehead, and half missed.
Half falling on the hair obeyond meed!
That was the chrism of love, which love's own crown.
With sanctifying sweetness, did precede.
The third upon my lips was folded down
In perfect, purple state; since when, indeed,
I have been proud and said. "My love, my own."

牧羊人恋歌

［英］克里斯托弗·马洛

来同我一起生活，来做我的爱人，
我们将切实拥有无尽的欢乐，
峡谷与山丘的欢乐，
原野、森林、崇山峻岭的欢乐，
我们坐在那儿的石头上，
看牧羊人守护着他们的羊群，
在清浅的小溪旁，
潺潺的流水伴奏鸟儿把爱情歌唱。
我为你拱起玫瑰花床，
为你扎起千万枝花束的芬芳，
为你编织花冠，编织彩裙，
让你全身都是桃金娘的叶片，
从最美的羊羔身上剪取羊绒，
为你做成衣装，
做成精美的羊毛衬里鞋子，
纯金的鞋扣在上面闪耀光芒，温暖异常。
芳草和常春藤织就的腰带，
点缀着珊瑚纽带与琥珀扣环，
假如这些欢乐能打动你心，
来同我一起生活，来做我的爱人，
多情的牧羊少年们，在五月的每一个清晨，
起舞高歌，讨你欢欣，
假如这些喜悦能打动你心，
来同我一起生活，来做我的爱人。



The Passionate Shepherd to His Love

Christopher Marlowe

Come live with me and be my love,
And we will all the pleasures prove,
That Valleys, aroves, hills, and field,
Woods, or steey mountains yield,
And we will we sit upon the rocks,
Seeing the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.
There I will make thee beds of roses,
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle,
A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair linèd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.
A belt of straw and ivy buds,
With coral clasps and amber studs,
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my love,
The shepherd swains shall dance and sing,
For thy delight each May morning,
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my love.



她的外貌并不令人陶醉

［英］哈特雷·柯勒律治

她平凡无奇，
就如其他姑娘一样，
直到她对我嫣然一笑，
我才发现她是如此可人，
我看到她那明亮的眼眸，
那是爱的深井，光的源泉。

但此刻，她眼神羞怯而冷漠，
不愿回应我的凝视，
然而我依然从她眼中，
看到了爱的光芒，
她轻蹙的额头是那么美丽，
胜过所有其他姑娘的微笑。



She Is Not Fair To Outward View

Hartley Coleridge

She is not fair to outward view,
As many maidens be,
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.
O then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold.
To mine they never reply,
And yet I cease not to behold,
The love-light in her eye,
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

蝴蝶

［英］迈克尔·布洛克

那春天第一只的蝴蝶，
姹紫橘黄，
轻快飞过我的路。

一朵飞翔的花，
改变了，
我生活的颜色。





Butterfly

Michael Bullock

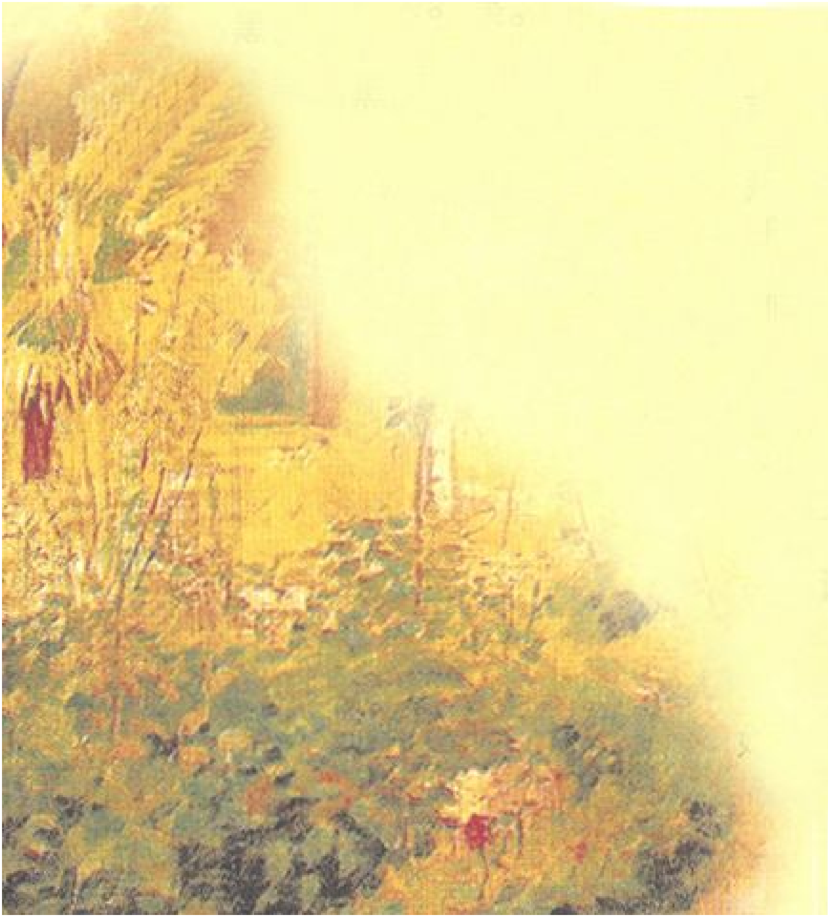
The first butterfly of spring,
Orange and purple,
Flits across my path.

A flying flower,
That changes,
The colour of my day.

她走在美的光影里

［英］乔治·戈登·拜伦

她走在美的光彩中，如同夜色
皎洁无云，繁星满天。
明与暗的最美妙的色泽
呈现在她的仪容和秋波里：
耀目的白天只嫌光太强，
它比那光亮柔和而幽暗。
增加或减少一分明与暗
就会有损于这难言的美。
美在她乌黑的发上波动，
或者流播出淡淡的光辉，
那脸庞上透着恬静的思绪，
暗示它来自纯洁和珍贵。
呵，那额际，那鲜美的面颊，
如此温和，平静，而又脉脉含情，
那迷人的微笑，那容颜的光彩，
都在诠释一个善良的生命：
她的头脑安于世间的一切，
她的心充溢着真纯的爱情！



She Walks in Beauty
George Gordon Byron

She walks in beauty, like the night
Of cloudless climes and starry skies.
And all that is best of dark and bright,
Meet in her aspect and her eyes:
Thus mellow'd to that tender light,
Which heaven to gaudy day denies.
One shade the more, one ray the less,
Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
Or softly lightens o'er her face;
Where thoughts serenely sweet express,
How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.
And on that cheek, and o'er that brow,
So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win. the tints that glow,
But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
A heart whose love is innocent!

我的爱人如此美丽

[英] 埃德蒙·斯宾塞

我的爱人如此美丽，偶然瞥见
她美丽的金色头发在风中飞舞；
美哉，当那红润的双颊上盛开出玫瑰，
当她双眸中闪耀出爱的火光。
美哉，当她挺起胸，
像满载奇珍异宝的航船，
美哉，当她用微笑融解
那遮掩她美丽光辉的骄傲云团。

而她最美之时，则是她轻轻开启
那红宝石与白珍珠的富丽之门，
吐出妙语连珠，
倾诉款款的情意。
其他皆为自然神工，
唯此处是心的惊奇。



Fair Is My Love

Edmund Spenser

Fair is my love, when her hair golden hairs
With the loose wind ye waving chance to mark;
Fair when the rose in red cheeks appears,
Or in her eyes, the fire of love does spark.
Fair when her breast like a rich-laden bark,
With precious merchandise she forth doth lay,
Fair when that cloud of pride, which oft doth dark
Her goodly light with smiles she drives away.

But fairest she, when so she doth display
The gate with pearls and rubies richly dight,
Through which her words so wise do make their way,
To bear the message of her gentle sprite,
The rest be works of nature's wonderment,
But this the work of heart's astonishment.

致凯恩

［俄］亚历山大·谢尔盖耶维奇·普希金

我记得那美妙的一瞬：
你在我面前蓦然出现，
有如昙花一现的幻想，
有如纯洁之美的天使。

在那无望的忧愁的折磨中，
在那喧闹的浮华生活的困扰中，
你温柔的声音在我耳边萦绕，
你可爱的倩影在我梦中徘徊。

岁月倥偬，暴风骤雨般的微笑
将往日的梦想驱散，
于是我忘却了你温柔的声音，
还有你那犹如天使的倩影。

在穷乡僻壤，在被囚禁的幽暗岁月中，
我的日子悄然中消逝，
没有倾心的人，没有诗的灵感，
没有眼泪，没有生命，也没有爱情。

如今我的心灵重新苏醒，
你在我面前再度出现，
有如昙花一现的幻影，
有如纯洁之美的天使。

我的心在狂喜中跳跃，
心中的一切又恢复生机，
有了倾心的人，有了诗的灵感，
有了生命，有了眼泪，也有了爱情。





Letter to Kaine

Анексаhар Cepreebny

I remembered that is wonderful as soon as flickers:
Appeared you in mine front,
Some like appears briefly fantasy,
Has like the chaste America's angel.

In that hopeless sad suffering,
Makes noise in that in ostentatious life puzzle,
Nearby my ear for a long time is making a sound your gentlesound,
I also see your lovable beautiful figure in the sleep.

Many years have passed by,
Storm smile has scattered the former days dream,
Thereupon I have put behind your gentle sound,
Also has your that angel resembles the beautiful figure.

In the remote place, in the gloomy life which imprisons,
My day such calmly dissipates,
The insincere person, does not have the poem the inspiration,
Without the tear, does not have the life, also does not havethe love.

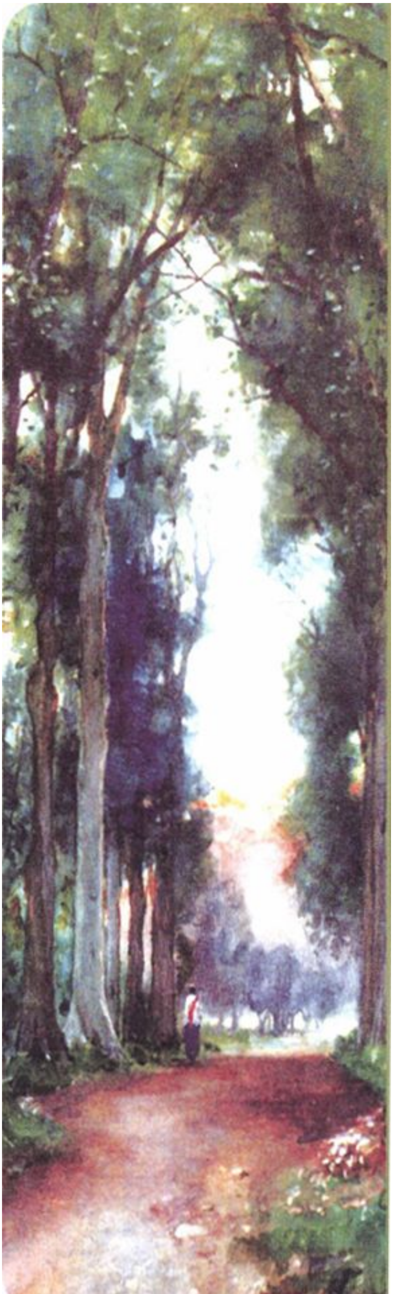
Now the mind starts to regain consciousness,
By now has reappeared in front of me you,
Has illusory image which like appears briefly,
Has like the chaste America's angel.

My heart in is wild with joy jumps,
In heart all reregain consciousness,
Had the sincere person, had the poem inspiration,
Had the life, had the tear, also had the love.

每当我害怕

［英］约翰·济慈

每当我害怕，生命也许等不及
我的笔将我蓬勃的思潮抒写，
等不及高高一堆书，在文字里，
像丰富的谷仓，把熟谷子收好；
如同在繁星的夜幕上演
传奇故事的巨大的云雾，
我怕我或许活不到那一天，
以偶然的妙笔描出一切美丽。
每当我感觉，呵，如昙花的美人！
我也许永远都不会再见到你，
不会再陶醉于无忧的爱情
感受它的魅力！——于是，在这广袤的
世界的边缘，我独自伫定、沉思，
直至爱情、声名，都隐没于虚无。



When I have Fears

John Keats

When I have fears that I may cease to be,
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in charactry,
Hold like rich garners the full ripened grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace,
Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance.
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour,
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love; —then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think,
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

致——

［英］珀西·比希·雪莱

有一个字总是被人轻亵，
但我不会这样做。
有一种感情遭人假意鄙弃，
而你不会那样做。
有一种希望太似绝望，
又何须再加提防，
你的同情无比珍贵，
胜过一切的慰藉。

我不能给予你世人所谓的爱，
但不知你能否接受
这颗心儿能献上的崇敬，
连天公也不会拒绝！
犹如飞蛾扑向繁星的决绝，
又如夜晚期待黎明的美丽，
这一种思慕远方之情，
早已跳出了尘俗的苦境！



To

Percy Bysshe Shelley

One word is too often profaned,
For me to profane it.
One feeling too falsely disdain'd,
For thee to disdain it.
One hope is too like despair,
For prudence to smother,
And pity from thee more dear,
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love,
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the heavens reject not.
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow.

夜莺颂

［英］约翰·济慈

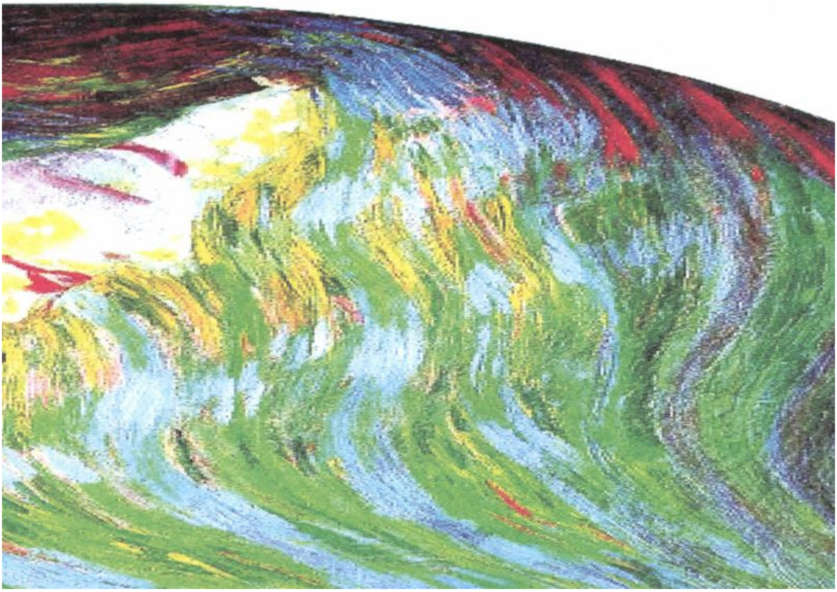
我的心在痛，迟顿而麻木，
刺进了感官，有如饮过毒鸠，
又像是刚刚把鸦片吞服，
于是沉入了列斯忘川之中：
并非我嫉妒你的好运，
而是你的快乐使我太过陶醉，
因为在林间嘹亮的天地里，
你呵，轻盈的仙灵，
躲在山毛榉的葱绿和荫影中，
放开歌喉，唱着夏季。
哎，但愿有一口酒！
那封藏在地下陈年的清洌甘露，
一尝就令人想起绿色之邦，
想起花神，恋歌，阳光和舞蹈！
但愿有一泓南国的温暖，
充满了鲜红的灵感之泉，
杯沿明灭着珍珠的泡沫，
给嘴唇染上紫色的斑痕；



哦，我要一饮而脱离尘寰，
与你同去，隐没幽暗的林中：
远远地、远远隐没，让我忘掉
树叶间的你从不知道的一切，
忘记这疲劳、热病和焦躁，
这令人哀叹连连的世界；
在这里，青春苍白、消瘦、死亡，
而“瘫痪”有几根白发在摇摆；
在这里，稍一思索就充满了
忧伤和灰色的绝望，
而“美”无法保住明眸的光彩，
新生的爱情活不到明天就枯凋。
去吧！去吧！我要飞向你，
不用和酒神坐文豹的车驾，
我要展开诗歌的无形羽翼，
尽管这头脑已经迟顿而疲乏；
去了！呵，我已经和你同往！
夜这般温柔，月后正登上宝座，
周围群星拱卫；
但这儿却不甚明亮，
除了有一线天光，被微风吹到，
葱绿的幽暗和苔藓的曲径。
我看不出脚旁是哪种花草，
什么清香的花挂在枝上；
在温馨的幽暗里，我只能猜测，

这个时令该把哪种芬芳
赋予这果树，林莽和草丛，
这白枳花，和田野的蔷薇，
这绿叶堆中易谢的紫罗兰，
还有五月中旬的娇宠，
这缀满了露酒的麝香蔷薇，
它成了夏夜蚊蚋的港湾。
我在黑暗里倾听：呵，多少次
我几乎爱上了死亡的静谧，
我在诗思里耗尽了好的言辞，
望它能把我的一息散入空茫；
而现在，哦，死更是多么富丽：
在午夜里溘然魂离尘世，
而你正倾诉着你的心怀
发出这般的狂喜！
你仍将歌唱，但我却再听不见——
你的葬歌只能唱给泥草一块。
永生的鸟呵，你不会死去！
饥饿的时代无法将你蹂躏；
今夜，我偶然听到的歌曲
也曾使古代的帝王和农民欢喜；
或许这同样的歌也曾激荡
露丝忧郁的心，使她潸然落泪，
站在异邦的谷田里思念家乡；
就是这声音常常
在失掉了的仙域里引动窗扉，
一个美女望着大海险恶的浪花。
呵，失掉了！这句话好比洪钟，
使我猛醒到我站脚的地方！
别了！幻想，这骗人的妖童，
不能老耍弄它盛传的伎俩。
别了！别了！你怨诉的歌声
淌过草坪，越过幽深的溪水，
溜上山坡；而此时，它正沉沉
埋在附近的溪谷中。
哎，这是个幻觉，还是梦寐？
那歌声去了：——而我是睡？是醒？





Ode To A Nightingale

John Keats

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk

'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness, —
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth.
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim.
Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget,
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow,
And leaden-eyed despairs,
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond tomorrow.
Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,

Though the dull brain perplexes and retards
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown,
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

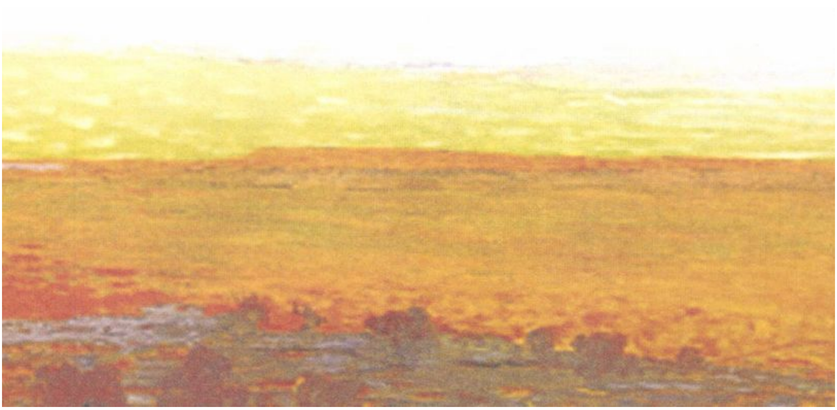
I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets cover'd up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen, and for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path,
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam.
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell,
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is fam'd to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now it is buried deep
In the next valley-glades.
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music: —Do I wake or sleep?





生日

[英] 克里斯蒂娜·乔治娜·罗塞蒂

我的心如同一只鸣鸟，
筑巢在瀑布边的岩石间；
我的心像一株苹果树，
稠密果实将它的枝条压弯；
我的心像一只彩虹色贝壳，
在静海里拍水向前；
我的心比这些都更快乐，
因为我的爱来到了我身边。
让我坐上有丝绸羽绒衬垫的高台椅，
把皮毛和紫色的饰物挂上。
在椅背等处雕出鸽子和石榴，
还有百翎眼的美丽孔雀，
再镶上金黄的、银白的葡萄，
层层翠叶以及银白的鸢尾。
因为我生命开始的纪念日，
来到了，我的爱来与我相会。



A Birthday

Christina Georgina Rossetti

My heart is like a singing bird,
Whose nest is in a watered shoot;
My heart is like an apple-tree
Whose boughs are bent with thickest fruit;
My heart is like a rainbow shell,
That paddles in a halcyon sea;
My heart is gladder than all these,
Because my love is come to me.
Raise me a dais of silk and down,
Hang it with vair and purple dyes,
Carve it in doves and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes,
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves and silver fleurs-de-lys.
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

灵魂选择自己的伴侣

[美] 艾米莉·狄更生

灵魂选择自己的伴侣，
然后，把门闭紧，
她神圣的决定，
容不得他人干预。

发现车辇停在她茅屋的门前，
不为所动，
一位皇帝跪在她的席垫，
不为所动。

我知道她，
从茫茫人海，
选中了一个，
从此，封闭心的阀门，
如磐石不转移。



The Soul Selects Her Own Society

Emily Dickinson

The soul selects her own society,
Then shuts the door,
On her divine majority,
Obtrude no more.

Unmoved, she notes the chariot's pausing,
At her low gate,
Unmoved, an emperor is kneeling,
Upon her mat.

I've known her from an ample nation,
Choose one,
Then close the valves of her attention,
Like stone.



自由与爱情

［英］托马斯·坎贝尔

爱情开始时赢得的亲吻，
该有多么甜美；
当爱情的死结无法解开，
两颗心就叹息破碎！
求爱时切莫忘记，
爱情有祝福也会令人后悔；
你会为别的笑容动心，
你会为别的妩媚落泪。
命运的安排，梦幻的搭配，
爱情前来相伴相随；
刺痛的心久留之后，
拥抱告别，带着笑声远走高飞。
锁定大海，让波涛沉睡，
锁定百合，不再散发芬芳，
锁定白杨，从此不许摇动，
锁定爱情，直到地裂天崩。
爱情之火久久燃烧，
燃料就是不断变幻的美：
困进牢笼爱就折断双翼，
只有自由才让它翱翔陶醉。
谁能打乱蜜蜂的团队？
斑鸠颈部的颜色怎会消退？
当爱情的死结无法解开，
爱情的破裂就如覆水难收。



Freedom and Love
Thomas Campbell

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying!
Yet remember, midst your wooin,
Love has bliss, but love has ruing;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.
Love he comes and Love he tarries
Just as fate or fancy carries;
Longest stays, when sorest chidden;
Laughs and flies, when press'd and bidden.
Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last for ever.
Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel:
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free, he soars enraptured.
Can you keep the bee from ranging,
Or the ringdove's neck from changing?
No! nor fetter'd love from dying,
In the knot there's no untying.

你占领了我的心房

［英］威廉·莎士比亚

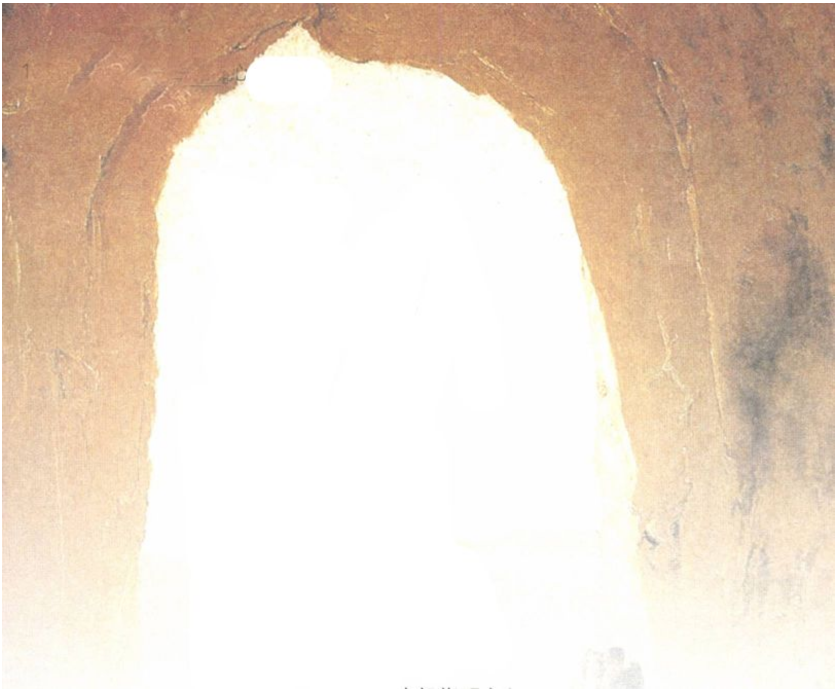
本以为消逝的一切都已死去，
不曾想它们还凝聚在你的心间，
那里留存着爱，和爱的一切，
也珍藏着那些我以为失去的朋友。
多少圣洁的泪水，将那虔诚的爱
从我眼中偷去，将其化作死亡的祭品，
如今我才恍然大悟，
是你将失去的一切全部珍藏！
就像一座坟墓，将那曾经的爱埋葬，
挂满离去的爱人们的纪念物，
它们将我所有的情意倾注于你，
从此你得万千宠爱于一身。
在你身上我看到曾爱过的所有美丽，
你是他们的总和，占据了我的心。



Thy Bosom is Endeared with All Hearts

William Shakespeare

Thy bosom is endeared with all hearts,
Which I by lacking have supposed dead,
And there reigns Love and all Love's loving parts,
And all those friends which I thought buried.
How many a holy and obsequious tear
Hath dear religious love stol'n from mine eye.
As interest of the dead, which now appear
But things remov'd that hidden in thee lie!
Thou art the grave where buried love doth live,
Hung with the trophies of my lovers gone,
Who all their parts of me to thee did give,
That due of many now is thine alone.
Their images I lov'd.I view in thee,
And thou, all they, hast all the all of me.



真正的爱

［英］威廉·莎士比亚

我相信，谁也无法阻挡
真心相爱的结合，
真爱不会随变化轻易改变，
也不会因压力而移情别恋。
噢，不！爱是永远伫立的灯塔，
面对暴风雨，从不动摇；
爱是明星，为迷航的小船指明方向，
虽然高度可知，但其价值无人明了。
爱不是时间的玩物，纵然那岁月的魔爪
令朱唇红颜黯然失色；
时光逝去，爱永远不变，
直到生命结束。

如果这是个错误，而我真的有错，
那就当我从未写过，也从未有人真正爱过。

The True Love

William Shakespsare

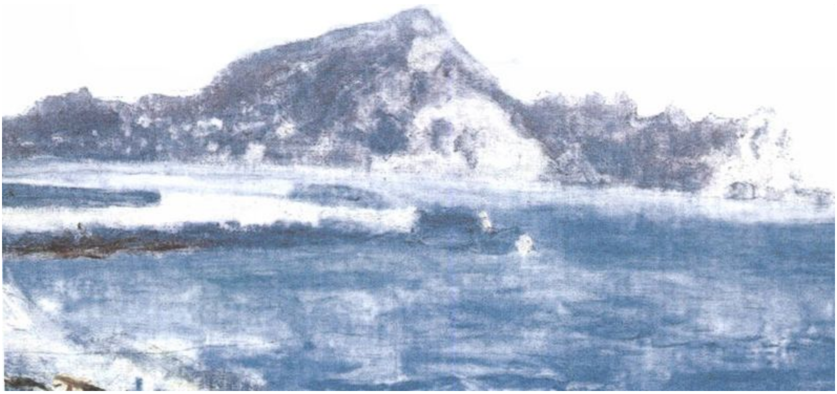
Let me not to the marriage of true minds admit impediments.
Love is not love
which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove.
O no! It is an ever-fixed mark,
That looks on tempests and is never shaken;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth is unknown, although his height be taken.
Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come.
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks.
But bears it out even to the edge of doom,
If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.



爱之灯

［印度］罗宾德拉纳德·泰戈尔

灯火，灯火在哪儿？
用熊熊燃烧的欲望之火将它燃起吧！
这儿有灯，
但没有一丝火焰——这就是你的命运，我的心啊！
你还不如死了的好！
悲痛在叩你的门，
她带来讯息，
说你的主醒着呢，
他召唤你穿越漫漫黑夜，奔赴爱的约会。



乌云漫天，雨下不停。
我不知道心里在想着什么——我不懂它意味着什么。
电光一闪，我进入黑暗的谷底。
我的心摸索着前行，前往那夜之音召唤我的地方。
灯火，灯火在哪里呢？
用熊熊的欲望之火将它燃起吧！
雷声轰鸣，狂风呼啸。
夜像黑色的岩石一般。
不要让时光在黑暗中流走。
用你的生命燃起爱的灯火。

Lamp of Love
Rabindranath Tagore

Light, oh, where is the light?
Kindle it with the burning fire of desire!
There is the lamp but never a flicker of a flame,
Is such thy fate, my heart!
Ah, death were better by far for thee!
Misery knocks at thy door,
And her message is that thy lord is wakeful,
And he calls thee to the love-tryst through the darkness of night.

The sky is overcast with clouds and the rain is ceaseless,
I know not what this is that stirs in me,
I know not its meaning.
A moment's flash of lightning drags
Down a deeper gloom on my sight.
And my heart gropes for the path to where
The music of the night calls me.
Light, oh, where is the light?
Kindle it with the burning fire of desire!
It thunders and the wind rushes screaming through the void.
The night is black as a black stone.
Let not the hours pass by in the dark.
Kindle the lamp of love with thy life.

孤独的旅人

［印度］罗宾德拉纳德·泰戈尔

在七月淫雨的阴郁中，
你迈着神秘的步子，
如夜一般沉寂，
躲过了一切守望者。
现在，黎明已经合眼，
不理会狂啸东风的不懈呼唤，
一张厚重的纱幕遮住了永远清醒的碧空。
林地里，
歌声止住，
家家户户闭住门扉。
凄清大街上，你这孤独的旅人。
噢，我唯一的朋友，
我的最爱，
我的家门敞开着——请你不要如梦幻般从我面前溜走。

Solitary Wayfarer

Rabindranath Tagore

In the deep shadows of the rainy july, with secret steps,
Thou walkest, silent as night, eluding all watchers.
Today the morning has closed its eyes,
Heedless of the insistent calls of the loud east wind,
And a thick veil has been drawn over the ever-wakeful blue sky.
The woodlands have hushed their songs,
And doors are all shut at every house.
Thou are the solitary wayfarer in this deserted street.
Oh my only friend, my best beloved,
The gates are open in my house—do not pass by like a dream.

爱在海上

［英］阿尔杰农·查尔斯·斯温伯恩

登上爱的航船，
我们要驶向何方？
爱人啊，去还是留，
扬帆还是划桨？
风来自八方，前路茫茫，
只有五月才是大好时光；
今天，落入爱的手掌，
我们要驶向何方？

岸边的风是临死的呼吸，
带着亲吻的悲伤，
欢乐成为过往，
且用玫瑰比喻船舱；
天晓得路在何方，
一心随爱飘飘荡荡。
今日，我们落入爱的手掌。

水手是爱神插上的翅膀，
桅杆是鸽子的喙刺向天堂，
甲板由纯金打造，
缆绳如逝去的少女长发飞扬，
给养是爱情之箭，
各式各样，无比精良。
今日，我们落入爱的手掌。





爱人，我在何处送你登岸？
是在异国他乡，
还是在故园之邦？
是迎着礼花绽放，
还是朝着白雪纷扬？
或是面对波涛激荡？
今日，我们落入爱的手掌。

爱人说，让我登岸，在那有爱的地方，
只要箭与鸽子，
手与心脏，
亲爱的，这样的海岸，
没有青年驾船离港，
也没有登岸的姑娘。



Love at Sea

Algenon Charles Swinburne

We are in love's land today,
Where shall we go?
Love, shall we start or stay,
Or sail or row?
There's many a wind and way,
And never a May but May;
We are in love's hand to-day;
Where shall we go?

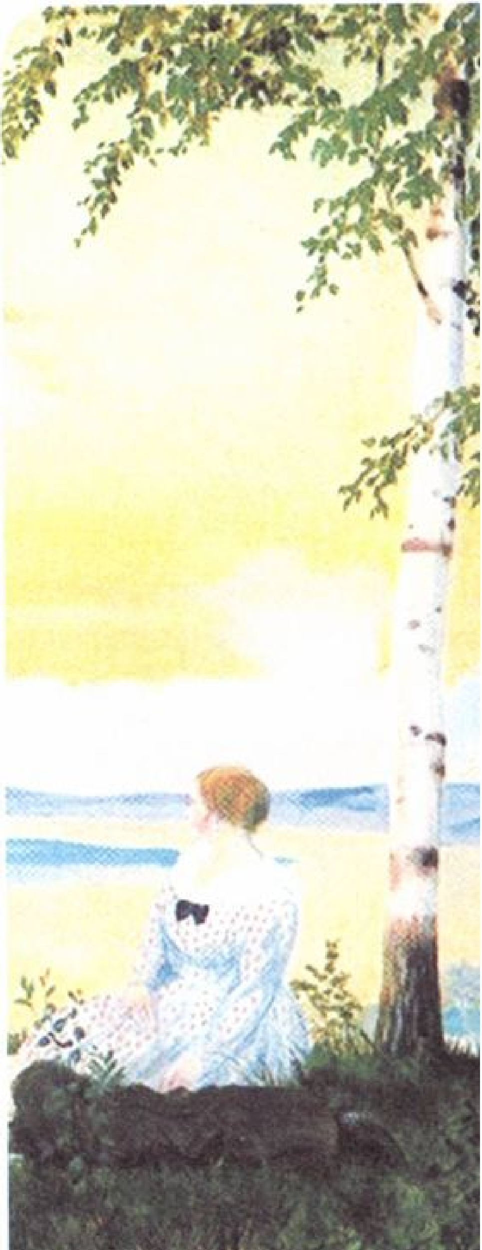
Our landwind is the breath,
Of sorrows kiss'd to death,
And joys that were,
Our ballast is a rose;
Our way lies where God knows,
And love knows where.

We are in love's hand today.

Our seamen are fledged Loves,
Our masts are bills of doves,
Our decks fine gold,
Our ropes are dead maids' hair,
Our stores are love-shafts fair,
And manifold.
We are in love's land today.

Where shall we land you, sweet?
On fields of strange men's feet,
Or fields near home?
Or where the fire-flowers blow,
Or where the flowers of snow,
Or flowers of foam?
We are in love's hand today.

Land me, she says, where love
Shows but one shaft, one dove,
One heart, one hand, —
A shore like that, my dear,
Lies where no man will steer,
No maiden land.



最初的愿望小曲

［西班牙］费德里戈·加西亚·洛尔伽

在绿色的早晨，
我愿做一颗心。
一颗心。
在成熟的夜晚，
我愿做一只黄莺。
一只黄莺。
我的灵魂啊，
染上柑橘的颜色。
我的灵魂啊，
抹上爱情的色彩。

在鲜活的清晨，
我愿做我自己。
一颗心。
在静谧的夜晚，
我愿做我的声音。
一只黄莺。
我的灵魂啊，
染上柑橘的颜色。
我的灵魂啊，
抹上生命的色彩。



First Desire Serenade

Federico Garcia Lorca

Indelicate green morning.
I will be a heart.
A heart.
In mature night,
I will be a yellow hammer.
A yellow hammer.
O my soul,
Dye the color of orange.
O my soul,
Dye the color of love.

In the active morning,
I will be myself.
A heart.
In quiet night,
I will be my voice.
A yellow hammer.
O my soul,
Dye the color of orange.
O my soul,
Dye the color of life.

在爱情里

［英］阿尔弗莱德·丁尼生

在爱情里，如果爱就是爱，如果我们拥有爱情，
忠诚与背叛的力量永远不会相同，
只要背叛一次就会永远失去信心。

那琴上的小小裂痕，
日久了会使琴音失色，
当裂缝慢慢扩大，最后将无法发声。

爱人琴上的小小裂疤，
或者水果上的小小伤疤，
会慢慢腐蚀，并将腐蚀一切，
不值得保留了，就把它丢弃，
但是会这样吗？说吧，亲爱的，说你不会。
完全信任我，或者干脆完全不要信我。

In Love

Alfred Tennyson

In love, if love be love, if love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can never be equal powers,
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift winthin the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all,

The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all,
It is not worth the keeping, go,
But shall it? answer, darling, answer, no.
And trust me not at all or all in all.

找出失去的一天

［英］乔治·艾略特

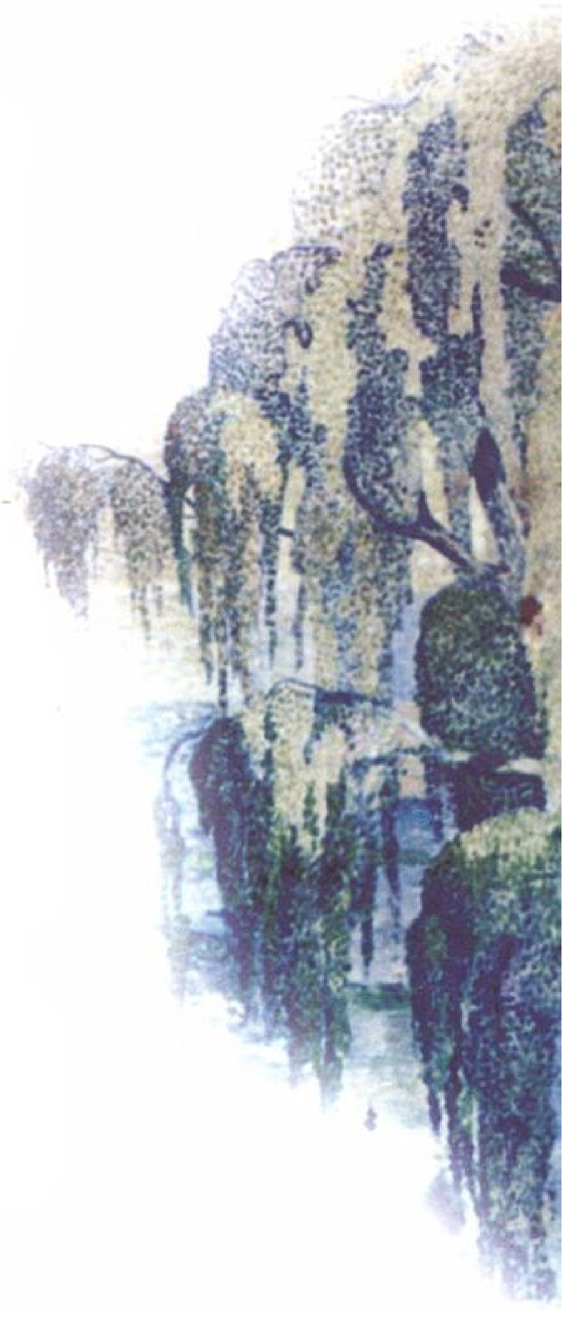
如果你在日落时分坐下，
回想一天的所作所为，
思虑，找寻
一个忘我的行为，一句话，
让听到的人心头一亮，
一个慈爱的目光，
让所到之处如阳光普照，
你就能确定这是有意义的一天。
但如果整整一天，
你犹豫不决没有令一颗心感到欢乐，
如果整整一天，
你没有做什么事值得回想，
没有给一张脸带来阳光，
没有一点付出，没有行善，
没有给别人一点帮助，
你就能确定这一天比失去的还糟。



Count That Day Lost

George Eliot

If you sit down at set of sun,
And count the acts that you have done,
And counting, find
One self-denying deed, one word,
That eased the heart of him who heard,
One glance most kind,
That fell like sunshine wnere it went—
Then you may count that day well spent,
But if through all the livelong day,
You've cheered no heart, by yea or nay—
If, through it all
You've nothing done that you can trace,
That brought the sunshine to one face—
No act most small.
That helped some soul and nothing cost,
Then count that day as worse than lost.



水仙花

［英］威廉·华兹华斯

我如云朵般独自漫步，
高高飘荡在山谷上空，
一大片金灿灿的水仙，
突然闪现在我眼帘；
在湖滨，在树下，
在微风中摇曳飞舞。

如银河中闪耀的星辰，
它们熠熠发光，
沿着海湾的边缘，
伸向无穷；
轻轻一瞥，上万朵尽收眼底，
摇晃着头轻快舞蹈。

微波在身旁荡漾，但欢乐的
它们比这粼粼水波更美。
置身这欢乐的花海，
我凝视，再凝视。

每当我空虚寂寞地瘫在阳光下，
它们总会浮现在我眼前，
那心灵之目真是我独处的极乐；
于是我的心便会重怀喜乐，
伴那云彩翩翩起舞。

The Daffodils

William Wordsworth

I wandered lonely as a cloud,
That floats on high over vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host of golden daffodils;
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay,
Ten thousand saw I at a glance,
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee:
A poet could not but be gay,
In such a jocund company
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought.

For oft, when on my couch I lie,
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye,
Which is the bliss of solitude,
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

今后和现在

［英］塞缪尔·丹尼尔

今后人们会发现你已韶华不再，
那时你将皱着眉独坐在镜子前，
接受那镜中反映真实的信息，
听它告诉你，一切都一去不返，
你将看见你带给我的创伤之巨，
你的火虽灭，对我却余热犹在，
在你凋零前我曾深深爱过你，
而今你姿减色衰，我便有了信心。

世人会在我身上发现奇迹，
燃烧耗尽后竟然死灰重燃，
那时你也会明白我信心之坚，
或许曾因你的无情懊丧苦恼，
一旦冬雪染上你乌黑的秀发，
你或许会懊恼曾无视我的眼泪。



Then and Now

Samuel Daniel

When men shall find thy flower, the glory pass,
And thou, with careful brow sitting alone,
Received hast this message from thy glass,
That tells thee truth and says that all is gone,
Fresh shalt thou see in me the wounds thou madest,
Though spent thy flame, in me the heat remaining:
I that have loved thee thus before thou fadest,
My faith shall wax when thou art in the waning,

The world shall find this miracle in me,
That fire can burn when all the matter's spent,
Then what my faith hath been, thyself shall see,
And that thou wast unkind, thou mayst repent,
Thou mayst repent that thou hast scorn'd my tears,
When winter snows upon thy sable hairs.

别离辞：节哀

［英］约翰·多恩

圣人逝世向来平静安然，
对灵魂轻轻的说一声走，
悲伤的朋友们聚在旁边，
有的说断气了，有的说没有。
也让我们融化，一声不作；
泪浪不涌，叹风不起；
那是对我们的欢乐亵渎——
要是对俗人讲我们的爱情。
地动会带来灾难和恐慌，
人们猜测它干什么，要怎样
可是那些天体的震动，
虽然大得多，却什么也不伤。
世俗男女之间的爱恋，
（他们的灵魂是官能）就最忌
别离，因为那就会取消，
组成爱恋的那一套东西。
我们被爱情提炼得纯净，
自己都不知道存什么念头
互相在心灵上得到了保证，
再不愁碰不到眼睛、嘴和手。
两个灵魂融在了一起，
虽说我得走，却并不会
破裂，而只是向外伸展，
像金子被打到薄薄的箔片。
就还算两个吧，两个却如此
犹如一副两脚规的模样；
你的灵魂是定脚，并不像
移动；另一脚一移，它也动。
虽然它一直是坐在中心，
可是另一个去天涯海角，
它就侧了身，倾听八荒；
那一个一回家，它马上挺身。

你对我就会这样，我的一生
像另外那一脚，得侧身打转；
你坚定，我的圆才会圆，
我才会终结在开始的点。



A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning
John Donne

As virtuous men pass mildly away,
And whisper to their souls to go,
Whilst some of their sad friends do say,
"Now the breath goes," and some say, "No."
So let us melt, and make no noise,
No tear-floods, nor sigh-tempests move;
'T were profanation of our joys
To tell the laity our love.
Moving of the earth brings harms and fears;
Men reckon what it did, and meant;
But trepidation of the spheres,
Though greater far, is innocent.
Dull sublunary lovers' love
(Whose soul is sense)—cannot admit
Absence, because it doth remove
Those things which elemented it.
But we by a love so much refined,
That ourselves know not what it is,
Inter-assurèd of the mind,
Care less, eyes, lips and hands to miss.
Our two souls therefore, which are one,
Though I must go, endure not yet
A breach, but an expansion,
Like gold to airy thinness beat.
If they be two, they are two so
As stiff twin compasses are two
Thy soul, the fixed foot, makes no show
To move, but doth, if the other do.
And though it in the centre sit,
Yet, when the other far doth roam,
It leans, and hearkens after it,
And grows erect, as that comes home.
Such wilt thou be to me, who must,
Like the other foot, obliquely run;
Thy firmness makes my circle just,

And makes me end where I begun.



《爱情小唱》第70首

[英]埃德蒙·斯宾塞

新春乃爱情君王的喝道人，
他的外衣上花团锦簇，
大地在这个时节苏醒，
缤纷的鲜花开成一片云霓。
去吧，去到我爱人的家，
她还愴愴地躺在床里冬眠，
告诉她欢乐的时间不会伫留，
要抓住光阴赶紧向前，
嘱她立刻梳头洗脸，
列身在姑娘队里迎候爱情，
任谁错过所恋，
都要把应得的惩罚承受。

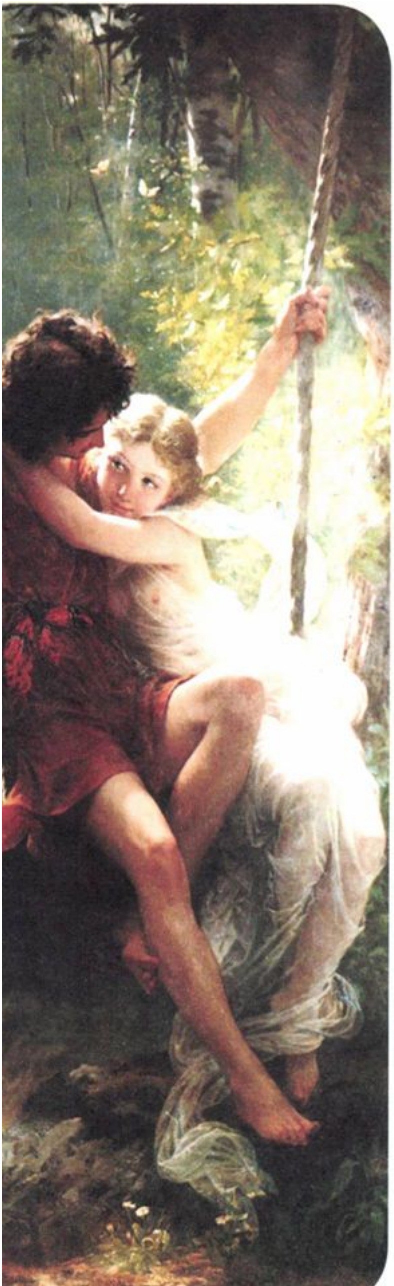
所以趁早吧，我的爱人，春光正好，
消失了就难再寻找。

Fresh Spring, the herald of love's mighty king,
In whose cote armour richly are displayed
All sorts of flowers, the which on earth do spring,
In goodly colours gloriously arrayed—
Goe to my love, where she is carelesse layd,
Yet in her winters bowre not well awake;
Tell her the joyous time will not be staid,
Unlesse she doe him by the forelock take;
Bid her therefore her selfe soone ready make,
To wayt on Love amongst his lovely crew;
Where every one that misseth then her make,
Shall be by him amearst with penance dew.
Make hast, therefore, sweet love, whilest it is prime;
For none can call againe the passed time.

爱情小唱

［英］埃德蒙·斯宾塞

有一天我把她的名字写在沙滩上，
大浪冲来就把它洗掉。
我把她的名字再一次写下，
潮水又将我的辛苦化为枉然。
“妄想者，”她说，“何必空把心操，
想叫一个必朽的人变成不朽！
我知道我将如秋草腐烂，
我的名字也将化为虚无。”
“不会，”我说，“让卑劣者费尽心机
仍归一死，而你却会声名长存，
因为我的诗笔会将你品德铭记，
还会在天上书写你的荣光。
死亡虽能征服世界，
我们的爱情却会使生命不朽。”





One day I wrote her name upon the strand,
But came the waves and washed it away:
Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide, and made my pains his prey.
"Vain man", said she, "that dost in vain assay.
A mortal thing so to immortalize,
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And eke my name bee wyped out likewise."
"Not so," quod I, "let baser things devise,
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame:
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
And in the heavens write your glorious name.
Where, when as death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

被弃的爱者

［英］托马斯·怀亚特

昔日寻我，今日躲我，
当年光着脚丫走进我的屋内，
多么温柔，善良，恭顺，
现在变得狂野不驯，
忘了曾经不避危险，
来吃我手上的面包，
如今却远走高飞，
心变幻莫测。

感谢命运，
有过完全不同的岁月，
胜过今日二十倍，有一次，
她穿着薄薄的锦衣，
长袖挥舞，
伸出长臂小手将我抱紧，
甜甜地吻了我，
柔声说："亲爱的，喜不喜欢这个？"

这不是梦，当时我完全清醒。
可现在截然不同，
我的好心只得到了痛苦的背叛。
我可以忘记她昔日的温柔，
她也可以去施展新的伎俩，
但我要问：我受到了无情的对待，
她又该得到什么报应？



Lover Showeth How He Is Forsaken
Thomas Wyatt

They flee from me, that sometime did me seek,
With naked foot stalking within my chamber:
Once have I seen them gentle, tame, and meek,
That now are wild, and do not once remember,
That sometime they have put themselves in danger
To take bread at my hand; and now they range
Busily seeking in continual change.
Thanked be Fortune, it hath been otherwise
Twenty times better; but once special,
In thin array, after a pleasant guise,
When her loose gown did from her shoulders fall,
And she me caught in her arms long and small,
And therewithal sweetly did me kiss,
And softly said, "Dear heart, how like you this?"
It was no dream; for I lay broad awaking:
But all is turn'd now through my gentleness,
Into a bitter fashion of forsaking;
And I have leave to go of her goodness;
And she also to use new fangleness.
But since that I unkindly so am served:
How like you this, what hath she now deserved?

反对无价值的称赞

［英］威廉·巴特勒·叶芝

心啊，平静吧，因为
无赖和白痴都无法打断
这一切本不为他们的喝彩，
只是为着一个女人存在。
够了，假如辛劳已好似——
她就这样使你恢复力量——
一头狮子一直梦到
荒野大声吼叫，
一个在你们两人之间，
骄傲者与骄傲者之间的秘密。

什么，你仍然要他们的喝彩！
但这儿有一篇更崇高的文字，
那被她自己的陌生所迷惑的
日子的迷宫；
她在梦中所给予的东西如何
从相同的无赖和白痴那里
赢得恶语中伤、污蔑诽谤；
对，还有比这更重的创痛。
然而她，在她的路上唱着歌，
半狮，半童，平静安详。

Against Unworthy Praise

William Butler Yeats

O heart, be at peace, because
Nor knave nor dolt can break
What's not for their applause,
Being for a woman's sake.
Enough if the work has seemed,
So did she your strength renew,
A dream that a lion had dreamed
Till the wilderness cried aloud,
A secret between you two,
Between the proud and the proud.

What, still you would have their praise!
But here's a haughtier text,
The labyrinth of her days
That her own strangeness perplexed;
And how what her dreaming gave
Earned slander, ingratitude,
From self-same dolt and knave;
Aye, and worse wrong than these.
Yet she, singing upon her road,
Half lion, half child, is at peace.

给西丽娅

[英]本·琼森

请用你的眼神为我举杯，
我也用我的眼睛为你干杯！
愿你把一个热吻留在杯中，
天下的甘露数它最醇；
我的灵魂渴望着这一杯啊，
啜饮一口心就已醉。
即使众神献上他们的美酒，
我也不愿以这一杯去交换！

我曾经赠你玫瑰花环，
不是为了荣耀和献媚，
只为花环祈福，
愿它永不枯萎。
蒙你对它亲吻呼吸，
又把花环回赠与我；
从此它永远鲜艳、芳香，
只因你赐给它无比光辉！



Song to Celia
Ben Jonson

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee
As giving it a hope, that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon did'st only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee

梦亡妻

［英］约翰·弥尔顿

我仿佛看见我最近死去的爱妻，
回到身边，像赫拉克勒斯当初
从死神手中夺回亚耳塞斯蒂，
苍白无力，交还给她的丈夫。
她好像古时洗身礼拯救的妇女，
已洗涤干净原来产褥的血迹；
她穿着的白衣纯净如她的心，
正如我相信我会自由自在
有一天在天堂里面与她相遇。
她虽蒙着面纱，我却依稀看见
她全身透出亲热、淑善和温存，
比任何人脸上显露的都叫人喜欢。
但她正俯身要和我相拥，我醒了，
人去了，白天带来了漫漫黑夜。

Methought I Saw My Late Espoused Saint

John Milton

Methought I saw my late espoused Saint
Brought to me like Alcestis from the gave
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint
Mine, as whom washed from spot of child-bed taint
Purification in the old law did save
And such as yet once more I trust to have
Full sight of her in Heaven without restraint,
Came vested all in white, pure as her mind.
Her face was veiled, yet to my fancied sight
Love, sweetness, goodness, in her person shined
So clear, as in no face with more delight,
But O, as to embrace me she inclined,
I waked, she fled, and day brought back my night.

我的情人像冰

［英］埃德蒙·斯宾塞

我的情人似冰，我如火
但为何，
她这块寒冰竟不因为我这火热的欲望而融化。
我越苦苦哀求，她反而越加坚硬。
又为何，
我的极度热情并没有被她冰冷的心肠而冷却
我反而热汗滚滚，烧得更狂野
我的欲火不断蹿高？
还能有什么比这更大的奇迹？
熔化一切的烈火竟使冰变坚；
而冰与麻木的冷漠凝结在一起，
竟通过奇妙的设计把火点燃。
高洁的心中就有这爱的力量，
它能令万物自然的倾向改变。



My Love Is Like to Ice

Edmund Spenser

My love is like to ice, and I to fire:
How comes it then that this her cold so great
Is not dissolved through my so hot desire,
But harder grows the more I her entreat?
Or how comes it that my exceeding heat
Is not allayed by her heart-frozen cold,
But that I burn much more in boiling sweat,
And feel my flames augmented manifold?
What more miraculous thing may be told,
That fire, which all things melts, shonld harden ice,
And ice, which is congealed with senseless cold,
Should kindle fire by wonderful device?
Such is the power of love in gentle mind,
That it can alter all the course of kind.



我看过你哭

[英] 乔治·戈登·拜伦

我看过你哭，一颗晶莹的泪珠
涌上你蓝色的眼珠；
那时候，我心想，这岂不就是
紫罗兰花瓣上垂着露珠；
我看过你笑，蓝宝石的火焰
在你面前也不再灿烂；
啊，宝石的闪烁怎么比得上
你那灵动鲜活的容颜。
仿佛是乌云从遥远的太阳
得到浓厚而柔和的光彩，

就是冉冉的黄昏的暗影
也不能将它从天空逐开；
你那微笑给我阴沉的脑中
也注入了纯洁的喜乐；
你的容光闪烁了明亮，
恰似太阳在我心里放光。

I Saw Thee Weep

George Gordon Byron

I saw thee weep — the big bright tear
Came o'er that eye of blue;
And then, methought, it did appear
A violet dropping dew:
I saw thee smile — the sapphire's blaze
Beside thee ceased to shine;
It could not match the living rays
That filled that glance of thine.
As clouds from yonder sun receive

A deep and mellow dye,
Which scarce the shade of coming eve
Can banish from the sky,

Those smiles unto the moodiest mind
Their own pure joy impart;
Their sunshine leaves a glow behind
That lightens o'er the heart.



我们将不再游荡

［英］乔治·戈登·拜伦

那么，在这子夜时分，
我们不再四处游荡。
尽管心中仍有柔情，
月光也依然明亮。

正如宝剑磨损了剑鞘，
灵魂也折磨着胸膛。
心儿需要停下来休息，
爱情也需要短暂松绑。

尽管夜幕为爱情而降，
白昼却来得匆忙，
而在这皎洁月光下，
我们不再四处游荡



So, We'll Go No More A-roving

George Gordon Byron

So, we'll go no more a-roving
So late into the night,
Though the heart be still as loving,
And the moon be still as bright.

For the sword outwears its sheath,
And the soul wears out the breast,
And the heart must pause to breathe,
And love itself have rest.

Though the night was made for loving,
And the day returns too soon,
Yet we'll go no more a-roving
By the light of the moon.



雅典少女

［英］乔治·戈登·拜伦

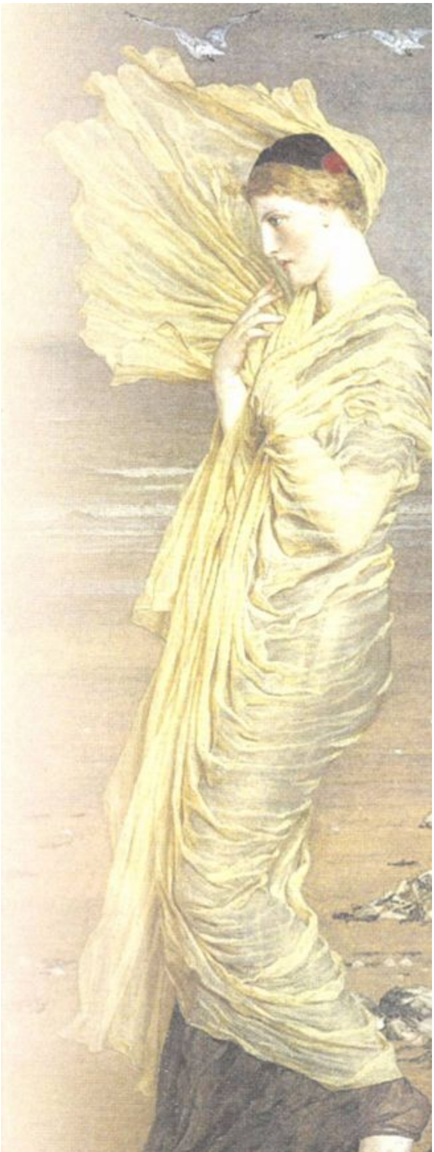
雅典的少女呵，在我们分别以前，
把我的心，把我的心还给我！
或者，既然它已经和我脱离，
你就留着它吧，把我的全部也拿去！
请听一句我临别前的誓言：
你是我的生命，我爱你。

因你那松开的鬈发，
每阵爱琴海的风都追逐着它；
因你那长睫毛的眼睛，
睫毛直吻着你脸颊上的嫣红；
我要凭那野鹿似的眼睛起誓：
你是我的生命，我爱你。



还有那我久欲一尝的朱唇，
还有那轻盈苗条的腰身；
我要凭这些定情的鲜花，
它们胜过一切言语的表述；
我要说，凭爱情的一串悲喜：
你是我的生命，我爱你。

雅典的少女呀，我们分了手；
想着我吧，当你寂寞的时候。
虽然我向着伊斯坦布尔飞奔，
雅典却抓着我的心和灵魂：
我能够不爱你吗？不会的！
你是我的生命，我爱你。



Maid of Athens

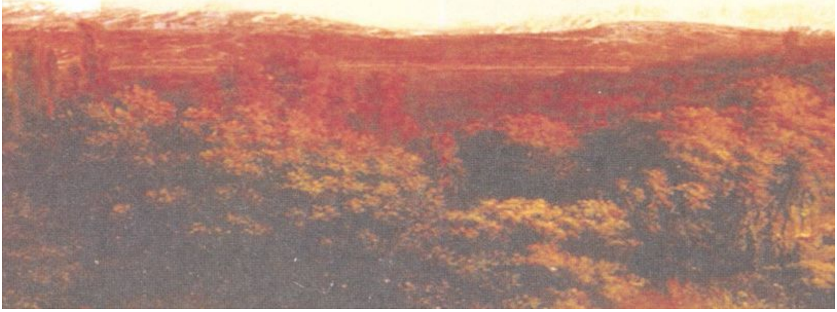
George Gordon Byron

Maid of Athens, ere we part,
Give, oh, give back my heart!
Or, since that has left my breast,
Keep it now, and take the rest!
Hear my vow before I go,
You are my life, I love you!

By those tresses unconfined,
Wooed by each Aegean wind;
By those lids whose jetty fringe
Kiss thy soft cheeks' blooming tinge;
By those wild eyes like the roe,
You are my life, I love you!

By that lip I long to taste,
By that zone-encircled waist;
By all the token-flowers that tell
What words can never speak so well;
By love's alternate joy and woe,
You are my life, I love you!

Maid of Athens! I am gone,
Think of me, sweet! when alone.
Though I fly to Istambol,
Athens holds my heart and soul:
Can I cease to love thee? No!
You are my life, I love you!





一朵红红的玫瑰

［英］罗伯特·彭斯

啊，我的爱人像朵红艳的玫瑰，
六月里迎风初绽，
啊，我的爱人像首甜甜的曲子，
节拍声声有致。
我的好姑娘，多么美丽的人儿！
请看我，多么深挚的爱情！
亲爱的，我永远爱你，
纵使大海干涸水流尽，
太阳将石头烧作尘埃，
亲爱的，我永远爱你，
只要我一息尚存。

珍重吧，我唯一的爱人，
珍重吧，我们虽暂时别离，
但我定要回来，
哪怕万水千山！

A Red Red Rose

Robert Burns

O my luve's like a red, red rose,
That's newly sprung in June;
O my luve's like the melodie
That's sweetly played in tune.
As fair art thou, my bonie lass,
So deep in luve am I;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till the seas gang dry.

Till the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o'life shall run.
And fare thee weel, my only luve,
And fare thee weel a while;
And I will come again, my luve,
Though it were ten thousand mile!

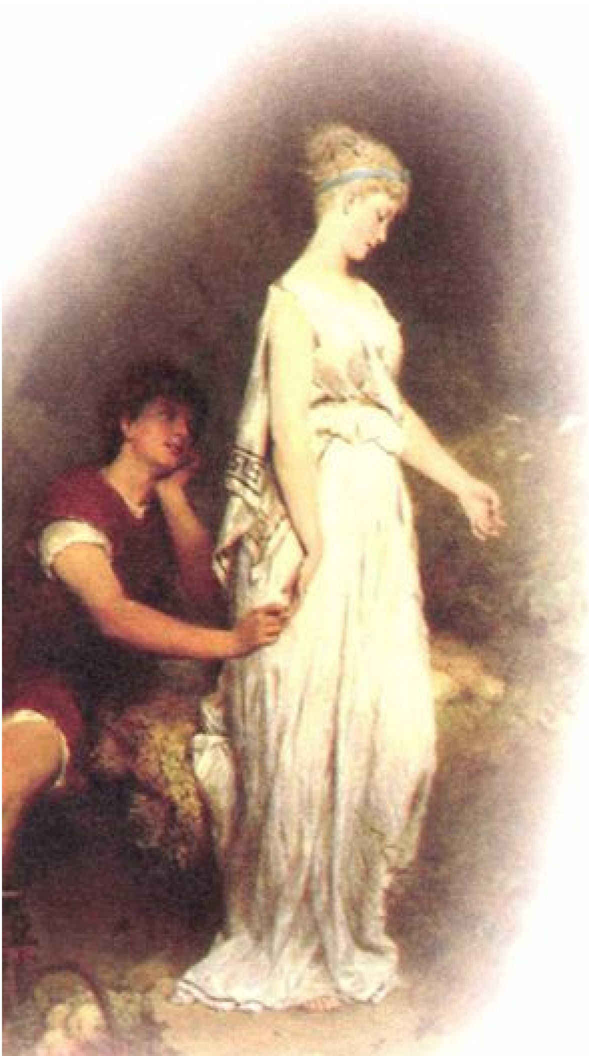


约翰·安德森，我的爱人

［英］罗伯特·彭斯

约翰·安德森，我的爱人，
记得当年与你初相遇，
你的乌发如云，脸儿如玉，
而今呵，你的白发似雪，
脸儿也起了皱纹。
祝福你那一片风霜的白头！
约翰·安德森，我的爱人！

约翰·安德森，我的爱人，
我俩曾经并肩爬山，
共享多少青春欢乐的日子，
我们一起幸福度过！
如今呵，到了下山的时候，约翰，
就让我们相扶相携慢慢而行，
同眠于山脚下时还要头并着头！
约翰·安德森，我的爱人！



John Anderson my jo, John,

Robert Burns

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent,
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonie brow was brent;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow,
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson, my jo!

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill together
And mony a cantie day, John,
Now we should totter down, John,
And hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep together at the foot,
John Anderson, my jo!



致妙龄少女：莫误青春

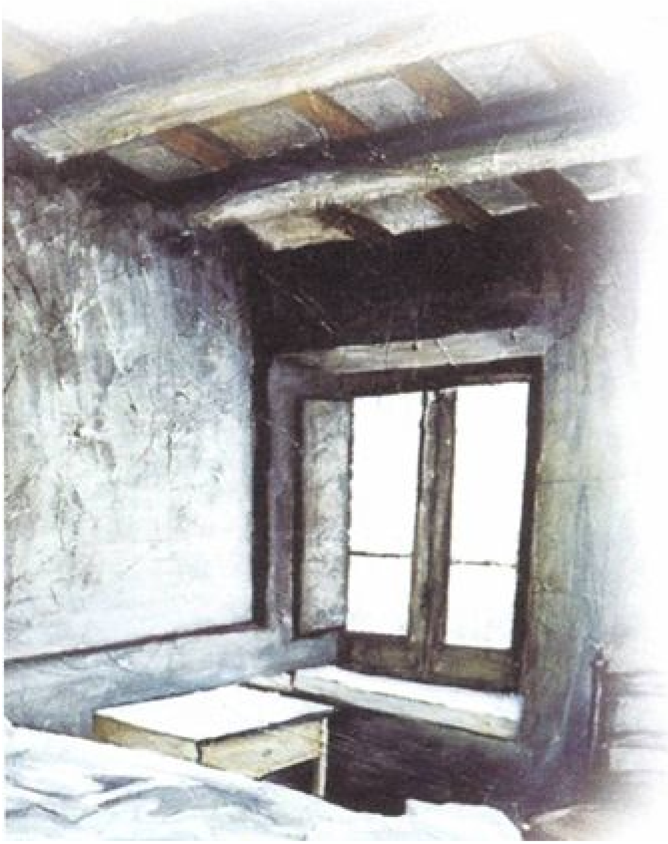
［英］罗伯特·赫里克

有花堪折直须折，
时光脚步不停留。
时间老人永在飞翔，
今天还在微笑的花儿，
明天就要枯萎死亡。

这旭日，如华灯一盏，
总是在冉冉升高，
万里行程很快就要走完，
日落就在眼前。

人生最美好的是妙龄韶华，
这时青春热血在燃烧；
荒废了，便只会越来越糟，
青春美景再也难寻找。

因此，别羞怯，享受你的妙龄时光吧，
趁早和你意中人结合；
因为最美的时光一旦失去，
你或许会追恨永远。



To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time

Robert Herrick

Gather ye rosebuds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying,
And this same flower that smiles today
Tomorrow will be dying.
The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,
The higher he's a-getting;
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he's to setting
That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer;
But being spent, the worse, and worst,
Times still succeed the former.
Then be not coy, but use your time,
And while ye may, go marry;
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.



别爱太久

[英] 威廉·巴特勒·叶芝

心肝哟，别爱的太久：
我曾久久地爱过，
但结果华年流逝，
像一首过时的歌。

在全部青春岁月里，
我们谁也分不清
彼此纠缠的思绪，
我们简直像一人。

可是，她一下变了
别爱得太久，
不然你年华流逝，
像一支过时的曲。

O Do Not Love Too Long

William Butler Yeats

Sweetheart, do not love too long:
I loved long and long,
And grew to be out of fashion
Like an old song.
All through the years of our youth
Neither could have known
Their own thought from the other's,
We were so much at one.
But O, in a minute she changed -
O do not love too long,
Or you will grow out of fashion
Like an old song.



乘着歌声的翅膀

[德] 亨利希·海涅

乘着歌声的翅膀，
心爱的人，我带你飞翔，
向着恒河的原野，
那里有最美的地方。
一座红花盛开的花园，
笼罩着寂静的月光；
莲花在那儿等待
它们亲密的姑娘。
紫罗兰轻笑调情，
抬头向星星仰望；
玫瑰花把芬芳的童话
偷偷地在耳边谈讲。
跳过来暗地里倾听
是善良聪颖的羚羊；
在远的地方喧腾着
圣洁的河水的波浪。
我们要在那里躺下，
在那棕榈树的下边，
吸饮爱情和寂静，
沉入幸福的梦幻。

On Wings of Song

Heinrich Heine

On wings of song, my darling,
I'll carry you off and we'll go,
Where the plains of the Ganges are calling,
To the sweetest place I know.
Red flowers are twining and plaiting,
There in the still moonlight,
The lotus flowers are awaiting,
Their sister acolyte.
The violets whisper caresses,
And gaze to the stars on high;
The rose in secret confesses
Her sweet-scented tales with a sigh.
Around them, listening and blushing
Dance gentle, subtle gazelles;
And in the distance rushing
The holy river swells
Oh, let us lie down by it.
Where the moon on the palm tree beams,
And drink deep of love and quiet,
And dream our happy dreams.

我能否将你比作夏天

［英］威廉·莎士比亚

我能否将你比作夏天？
你比夏天更热情温婉。
狂风将五月的花瓣凋残，
夏日的勾留何其短暂。
休恋那丽日当空，
转眼将云雾迷蒙。
莫叹那百花飘零，
摧折于无常的天命。
唯有你永恒的夏日常新，
你的美貌亦毫发无损。
死神也无缘将你幽禁，
你在我永恒的诗中长存。
只要世间尚有人吟诵我的诗篇，
这诗就将不朽，
永葆你的芳颜。

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day

William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
Thou art more lovely and more temperate:
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
And summer's lease hath all too short a date:
Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
And often is his gold complexion dimmed,
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
By chance, or nature's changing course untrimmed:
But thy eternal summer shall not fade,
Nor lose possession of that fair thou ow'st,
Nor shall death brag thou wand' rest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou grow'st,
So long as men can breathe or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

给娜塔莎

[俄] 亚历山大·谢尔盖耶维奇·普希金

美丽的夏日枯萎了，
明媚的日子正在飞逝；
夜晚升起的潮湿的浓雾，
正在昏睡的阴影中飞驰；
肥沃的土地上庄稼收割了，
嬉闹的溪流已变得寒冷了，
葱茏的树林披上了白发，
天穹也变得灰暗、朦胧。
娜塔莎我的心上人！
你现在在哪里？
为什么谁也看不见你的倩影？
难道你不愿意和心上的人儿
共享着仅有的短暂的光阴？
无论在波光粼粼的湖面上，
无论在芬芳的菩提树阴里，
无论是早晨无论是夜晚，
我都看不见你的踪迹。
冬天的严寒很快就要把树林和田野造访；
熊熊的炉火很快就要把烟雾腾腾的小屋照亮；
我呀看不见这迷人的少女，
独自在家里暗暗的悲伤，
像一只关在笼子里的黄雀，
只把我的娜塔莎怀想，
和把娜塔莎不断回想。




To Natasha

Alexander Sergeyevich Pushkin

Beautiful summer withered,
Sunny day were flying by;
Rising damp night fog
Are sleeping in the shadow of speeding;
The fertile land crops,
The playfulness of the stream has become cold,
Verdant trees covered with white hair,
The sky became dark, dim.
Natasha my love! Where are you now?
Why who can not see your shadow?
Don't you want and sweetheart
Share only short time?
Whether in the glittering lake,
In terms of fragrant banyan shade,
No matter whether the night is the morning,
I can't see you.
The winter cold soon
Keep the woods and fields to visit;
The blaze soon to take
Smoky hut light;
Me see this charming girl,
Alone in the house secretly sad,
Like a caged siskin,
Just take my heart Natasha.





心声

［奥］里尔克

遮住我的双眼，我依然能看见你。
捂住我的双耳，我依然能听见你。
没有了双脚，我依然能走向你。
没有了双唇，我依然能呼唤你。
折断我的手臂，我依然能用我的心
代替双手拥抱你的影子。
摘去我的心脏，我的大脑依然在跳动。
即使我的大脑被烧毁，
我依然能用全身的血液托浮起你。



Aspirations
Rilke

Put out my eyes, and I can see you still,
Slam my ears to, and I can hear you yet;
And without any feet can go to you;
And tongueless, I can conjure you at will.
Break off my arms, I shall take hold of you
And grasp you with my heart as with a hand;
Arrest my heart, my brain will beat as true;
And if you set this brain of mine afire,
Then on my blood-stream I yet will carry you.





比时光更坚强

［法］维克多·雨果

我已然将我的双唇烙印在你满溢的金樽，我爱
我已然将我苍白的脸孔停伫在你的掌心，
我已然深深洞彻你的灵魂，那少年的风华
和罕见的芳芬，如今都静静掩埋在树阴下。

我曾经得以欣然地聆听你的倾诉，
字字句句都是你的心在诉说它的秘密，
我曾经见过潸然泪滴，我曾经见过你粲然笑意，
你的唇贴着我的唇，你的眼对着我的眼。

我已经感到我的脸上承受的目光和光芒，
一道光线，一道单独的光线，来自你的新星，
我已然感到我生命的溪流中飘然落下
一片玫瑰的花瓣，来自你荣华的岁月。

因此，现在我就敢于对着流转的光阴宣言，
去吧，尽管去吧，因为我永不会衰老，
带着你褪色的花瓣，逝向黑暗的深渊吧！
而在我心中，永远有一束玫瑰，无人能够攫取。

你飞翔的羽翼也许能重击，却不能打翻，
这盛满爱的酒杯，它滋润着我的双唇，
我心中燃烧着熊熊烈火，你永不会冻结，
我灵魂充斥着浓浓爱意，你永不能使我忘却。

More Strong Than Time

Victor Marie Hugo

Since I have set my lips to your full cup, my sweet,
Since I my pallid face between your hands have laid,
Since I have known your soul, and all the bloom of it,
And all the perfume rare, now buried in the shade;

Since it was given to me to hear on happy while,
The words wherein your heart spoke all its mysteries,
Since I have seen you weep, and since I have seen you smile,
Your lips upon my lips, and your eyes upon my eyes;

Since I have known above my forehead glance and gleam,
A ray, a single ray, of your star, veiled always,
Since I have felt the fall, upon my lifetime's stream,
Of one rose petal plucked from the roses of your days;

I now am bold to say to the swift changing hours,
Pass, pass upon your way, for I grow never old,
Fleet to the dark abysm with all your fading flowers,
One rose that none may pluck, within my heart I hold.

Your flying wings may smite, but they can never spill,
The cup fulfilled of love, from which my lips are wet;
My heart has far more fire than you can frost to chill,
My soul more love than you can make my soul forget.

舍下我，走吧！

［英］伊丽莎白·巴莱特·勃朗宁

舍下我，走吧。
从此，
我就一直徘徊在你的身影里。
在那孤独的生命的边缘，从今再不能
掌握自己的心灵，或是坦然地
把这手伸向日光，像从前那样，
约束自己感觉不到你的指尖
碰上我的掌心。劫运让天悬地殊
隔离了我们，却留下了你那颗心，
在我的心房里搏动着双重声响。
正像是酒，总尝得出原来的葡萄，
我的起居和梦寐里，都有你的身影。
当我向上帝祈祷，为着我自个儿，
他却听到了一个名字，那是你的；
又在我眼里，看见有两个人的眼泪。



Go From Me

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

Go from me. Yet I feel that I shall stand
Henceforward in thy shadow. Nevermore
Alone upon the threshold of my door
Of individual life, I shall command
The uses of my soul, nor lift my hand
Serenely in the sunshine as before,
Without the sense of that which I forbore --
Thy touch upon the palm. The widest land
Doom takes to part us, leaves thy heart in mine
With pulses that beat double. What I do
And what I dream include thee, as the wine
Must taste of its own grapes. And when I sue
God for myself, He hears the name of thine,
And sees within my eyes the tears of two.



我们的手伸过山岭

[英]伊丽莎白·巴莱特·勃朗宁

可是在上帝的全宇宙里，
总共才只三个人听见了你那句话：除了
讲话的你、听话的我，就是他——
上帝自己！我们中间还有一个
出来答话；那昏黑的诅咒落上。
我的眼皮，挡了你，不让我看见，
就算我瞑了目，放上沉沉的"压眼钱"，
也不至于那么彻底隔绝。唉，
比谁都厉害，上帝的那一声"不行！"
要不然，世俗的诽谤离间不了我们，
任风波飞扬，也不能动摇那坚贞；
我们的手要伸过山岭，互相接触；
有那么一天，天空滚到我俩中间，
我俩向星辰起誓，还要更加握紧。

Our Hands Would Touch For All The Mountain-Bars

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

But only three in all God's universe
Have heard this word thou hast said, — Himself, beside
Thee speaking, and me listening! and replied
One of us — tha — was God, and laid the curse.
So darkly on my eyelids, as to amerce.
My sight from seeing thee, -- that if I had died,
The deathweight, placed there, would have signified
Less absolute exclusion. "Nay" is worse
From God than from all others, O my friend!
Men could not part us with their worldly jars,
or the seas change us, nor the tempests bend;
Our hands would touch for all the mountain-bars
And, heaven being rolled between us at the end,
We should but vow the faster for the stars.

爱情高出一切尘世的考虑

［美］艾米莉·狄更生

满意的小屋远胜无情的宫殿，
爱情所在，一切俱足。
爱人离开他心爱的对象便不能生活，
他过着既是两个人的，又是半个人的生活。
爱人的心，一定全部装着他心爱的那个人。
爱比恨更强而有力。
爱情能持之以恒才是一件好事；
可是，如果在别的方面没有恒心，
那么爱情的恒心也就一文不值。

“真爱究竟是什么？”
是——盲目的忠诚，
死心塌地的低首，
绝对的唯命是从，
不顾自己，不顾一切，
无言不听，无言不信，
把整个心、肝、灵都交给你去主宰！
你是我灵魂的最后之梦！
爱假使过于强烈，定不会天长地久。





Love Above all Earthly Considerations

Emily Dickinson

Satisfaction than relentless cottage palace,
Love lies, all the props.
Lover to leave his beloved object can not be life,
He lived not only two people, is a semi-personal life.
Lover's heart must all filled with his beloved man.
Love is much stronger than hate.
Love can be sustained is a good thing;
However, if there is no persistence in other,
Then the persistence of love has also worthless.

"What is love?"
Yes, blind loyalty to dead set dishou,
Absolute obedience,
Regardless of their own, regardless of everything,
Do not listen to silent, speechless do not believe it,
The whole heart, liver,
And spirit are given to you to master!
You are my soul, the last of the dream!
If love is too strong, they will not permanence.







路过心上的诗句

时代华语股份
特约监制：魏　童
特约策划：孟文伟
责任编辑：赵　辉
编辑助理：朱立威　翦　萌
装帧设计：红果书装 http://t.sina.com.cn/hongguo
订购电话：010—83670073
购书网站：http://www.chinamediatime.com/